FIFTY CENTS



VOL. 89 NO. 11



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most important: replacement parts have always been available. We doubt that you're planning on keeping the same boat until 2005. But a boat that's built to last 38 years (or more) will be worth more anytime you sell it. If you'd like to really see what we're talking about, see your Chris-Craft cealer. For 1967 literature, write Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.



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would you mind giving him a message? Tell him his wife says hello.

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TIME LISTINGS



Thursday, March 16
PROJECT 20 (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).*
"End of the Trail," the last stand of the Great Plains Indians against the white man's encroaching civilization in the 1870s. Spliced together from historic photographs and current films of the Crow Indian reservation in Montana, Walter Brennan does the narratio

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The 1967 edition, with Dale Evans and Roy Rogers

Friday, March 17 HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC. 9:30-11 p.m.), In Anastasia, Lynn Fontanne, Julie Harris, Robert Burr and Paul Roebling dramatize the still unanswered question of whether a young amnesia victim was really the daughter of Russia's Czar Nicholas II, executed by the Bolsheviks in 1918.

Saturday, March 18 N.I.T. BASKETBALL (CBS, 2-4 p.m.), Finals of the 30th annual National Invitation Tournament, college basketball's oldest postseason event, from Madison Square Garden

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC. 5-6:30 p.m.). The American International Alpine Skiing Championship, from Vail,

AMERICA'S JUNIOR MISS PAGEANT (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Fifty "ideal" high school seniors compete for a total of \$45,000 in scholarships and the Junior Miss title, broadcast

Sunday, March 19 CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). "This Was Toscanini." Photographs of the conductor rehearsing, excerpts from his recorded music, and reminiscences by a member of his orchestra commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Maestro's birth.

live from Mobile, Ala

DISCOVERY 67 (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon). Science Editor Jules Bergman and Bill Owen discuss "Our Next Step in Outer Space"-the Apollo moon mission-with the help of models and animated drawings. THIS IS MARSHALL MILLUHAN: THE MEDI-UM IS THE MASSAGE (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). The massage is administered via the proper medium, in an attempt to give McLuhan's controversial ideas the visual life they are

THE CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS. 4-5 p.m.). White Mane, the warmhearted story of a French boy in the Camargue and the wild stallion he captured and tamed with

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Walter Cronkite leads his fans into the research lab, up to the observatory and through the radio telescope for a peek at "Mars and Beyond."

NBC NEWS INQUIRY (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). "Whose Right to Bear Arms?" A good question posed by NBC correspondents to legislators, firearms experts and the

man in the street ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (NBC. 8:30-10 p.m.). Twenty-one years after the original show hit the boards, sharpshooting Annie Oakley (Ethel Merman) is still doing what comes naturally—this time on TV, supported by the cast of last year's Broadway

Tuesday, March 21 OUR TIME IN HELL (ABC. 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Lee Marvin narrates the U.S. Marine Corps' World War II Pacific campaign, from Guadaleanal to Okinawa.

THEATER

On Broadway

BLACK COMEDY, British Playwright Peter Shaffer looses eight characters on a stage that is supposed to be in total darkness. Director John Dexter manipulates them in a fracturingly funny people jam, with Michael Crawford, Geraldine Page and Lynn Redgrave leading the acrobatics

THE HOMECOMING, by Harold Pinter, pits the strength of five men v. the power of one woman. Who conquers and exploits whom is the question. The answer depends on each man's interpretation. The Royal Shakespeare Company's production, directed by Peter Hall, is properly tense and

THE WILD DUCK. Although he was dedicated to candor in human relations. Playwright Henrik Ibsen recognized all too clearly that it is kinder to consider what men wish they could be than to deal with them as they are. In its revival of this 1884 play, the APA troupe performs with more

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT. Sound a bellow with a whisper, match a maharajah with a mouse, mix wit with whimsy, and you have the combination for an evening of charming entertainment by Flanders

Off Broadway

THE RIMERS OF ELDRITCH is both evocative and entertaining, as Lanford Wilson re-creates the mood and the milieu of a ghost mining town in the Midwest. Fluidly paced by Director Michael Kahn, Rimers is a collection of vignettes that might have come from Wineshurg, Ohio, set in the dramatic form of Under Milk Wood.

EH? In Cervantes' classic, a Spanish 'knight'' fights a windmill—and loses. In Henry Livings' farce, a British nit chal-lenges a boiler—and the boiler loses.

AMERICA HURRAH. Jean-Claude van Itallie melds pop art and the theater of cruelty as he leads his audience through a modern Inferno of cocktail parties, urban herds, politics, psychoanalytic jargon and

RECORDS

Chamber Music

HAYDN: THREE QUARTETS. OPUS 54 (Epic). The Juilliard String Quartet once again displays its unsurpassed exactness of intonation and joint attack as it makes each quartet a finely chiseled gem-all without sacrificing warmth or passion, as in the C Major Adagio, with its deep-voiced Hungarian lament under the dancing arabesques of the violin.

LEOS JANÁCEK: CONCERTINO FOR PIANO (Crossroads). Among the latest additions to the fast-growing U.S. catalogue of Janácek's works is this four-movement suite for piano with six instruments, which enter by ones and twos to sass the piano and one another. Not top-drawer Janácek, but



comes ...readv or not!

The world beckons and he's on his way-proud and independent. He will need all the education he can get - college, even graduate school. But there's a problem, Because

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now to help assure his future . . to help make sure that college is ready when he is.







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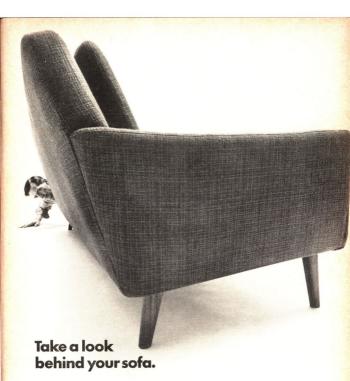


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nonetheless vigorous and jazzy with its insistent themes, bold fistfuls of chords and thumping rhythms. Josef Pálenícek is

MOZART: THE SIX QUINTETS FOR STRING

QUARTET AND VIOLA (3 L.Ps; Columbia). In his later years, Mozart liked to play the viola; so he added a darker color to the string quartet by doubling the viola's voice. The five late quintets contain, besides the expected felicitous melodies, melting modulations and sprightly symmetries, some rich polyphony and dramatic interchanges. Walter Trampler brings his viola to the Budapest String Quartet, which is constantly updating its repertory to take advantage of improved recording techniques. This is their third recording of the quintets; they can stop now.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "SOUVENIR DE FLORENCE" (RCA Victor). Tchaikovsky added an extra cello to Mozart's quintet, but the effect in his rambunctious opening movement is more like 60 strings than six. With its robust peasant dances, twining lines of song and sudden hushes and crescendos, Tchaikovsky's tribute to Florence is theatrical and Slavic. The new Guarneri Quartet, joined by half the Budapest Quartet, manages an almost symphonic treatment of

the composer's work.

BEETHOVEN: CELLO SONATAS NOS. 3 and 5 (Angel). From the beauty of tone and sensitivity of interpretation, listeners would scarcely suspect that the cellist is only 22, the pianist 27. Jacqueline du Pré, a child prodigy in England and recent student of the Russian virtuoso Mstislav Rostropovitch, handles her cello as gloriously as any master three times her age; Los Angeles-born Stephen Bishop, former student of Myra Hess, makes an impressive partner

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAY-ERS (3 LPs; RCA Victor) have recorded with zest and polish an evening of music ranging in time from Mozart's sunny. transparent Quartet in D for Flute and Strings to the late Irving Fine's romantic and unsettling Fantasia for String Trio (1957). Most fetching of the four contemporary works is Elliott Carter's Woodwind Quintet, with its light melodic fragments breezily tossed and tangled like crepe-paper streamers.

CINEMA

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE IN-MATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UN-DER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Under the direction of Peter Brook. Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company has transformed Peter Weiss's play into a cinematic rowdydow no less frazzle-dazzling than it was on the stage.

DUTCHMAN. Another shocking play effectively turned into a film-this time LeRoi Jones's one-act polemic on race hate. Shirlev Knight and Al Freeman Jr. enact a brief, brutal encounter on a subway train that builds danger with the insistence of steel wheels screeching around

BLOW-UP. Actor David Hemmings comes into sharp focus as a pop photog who happens to take a picture of a murder (committed by Vanessa Redgrave) that he blows up, and which in turn blows up his whole mod scene.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE. Yves Montand's performance as an unrepentant, unforgiving Spanish Civil War veteran is part of the melancholy strength of this Alain ResWe've got the most extensive industrial education program in the Southeast. What's more, we've got experienced engineers to train the people for your new plant.

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North Carolina



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nais (Hiroshima Mon Amour) study in

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Playwright Robert Bolt's literate theater work on the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More makes every bit as good a movie—with Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas.

BOOKS

Best Reading

BLACK IS BEST, by Jack Olsen. A formidable biography that disassembles Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay and then carefully spreads the many pieces on the gym floor.

THE THORN TREES, by John McIntosh. Set in a fictional counterpart of Bechuanaland, the novel tells with special horror how white civilization can fail in the face of the white man's degeneracy and

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE, by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. Joyce's dream-ridden masterpiece was 17 years in the writing and could easily have been 17 more in the reading until Novelist Burgess (A Clockwork Orange) came to the rescue by cutting it by two-thirds. Joyce's ecstasy of verbal sound and association remains

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vance Bourjaily. The first effort to capture the triumph and tragedy of the Kennedy era in fiction. Bourjaily's flashback-filled book is a sometimes brilliant and often evocative account of how the generation closest to Kennedy in age and aspirations reacted to his death.

THE LAST ONE LEFT, by John MacDonald. A busy, well-populated story of skulduggery at sea, tersely told by the current Big Daddy (53 books) of murder-suspense

THE SOLDIER'S ART, by Anthony Powell, The eighth novel in a brilliantly executed marathon series depicting life in Britain between and during the two big wars carries Narrator-Hero Nick Jenkins into the second year of World War II.

PAPER LION, by George Plimpton. The last long football season gave Americans the Super Bowl and the super book on the pro game. Plimpton's prose is worth a dozen coffee-table volumes filled with fullcolor pictures of golden boys in muddy pants.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (1 last week)

Capable of Honor, Drury (2)

The Arrangement, Kazan (3) 4. The Captain, De Hartog (5)

The Mask of Apollo, Renault (6)

6. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (4)

The Birds Fall Down, West (7)

8. Tai-Pan, Clavell (10) 9. The Fixer, Malamud

10. All in the Family, O'Connor (8)

NONFICTION 1. Madame Sarah, Skinner (1)

2. Everything But Money, Levenson (2) 3. Paper Lion, Plimpton (3)

4. The Jury Returns, Nizer (4) 5. Games People Play, Berne (5)

6. Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet,

7. Inside South America, Gunther (10)

8. Rush to Judgment, Lanc (7)

9. The Boston Strangler, Frank (8) 10. The Arrogance of Power, Fulbright



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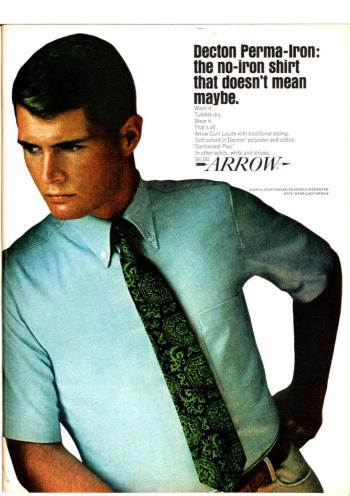


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LETTERS

Feelings of Loss

Sir: My feeling of a very real loss in the death of Henry Luce has been eased, part, by your cover tribute [March 10] His great spirit, which you have so beau for all of us engaged in communications

EVERETT EASTER JR.

Manhattan

Sir: Had Henry Luce been the publisher of any other magazines, TIME would have carried his picture on its cover several times over the years. And the cover stories that should have been written about him

DONALD J. LEEHEY

Bellevue Wash

Sir: I have read every issue of TIME almost from its beginning. I always wished I could meet Mr. Luce, though I never expected to. But I read about him and about his activities, and I considered him one of the influential men of our age. WILLIAM F. CLOSSON

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sir: No one, I am sure, appreciates more than does TIME the fact that life is what great individuals make it. The greatest are those, like Mr. Luce, who create something bigger than themselves as personalities something that possesses, in effect, im-mortality. Usually it is an idea. In the case of Mr. Luce, it has been the infinite appreciation of, devotion to and development of the English language as the most powerful. most subtle, most beautiful, most versatile language in the world.

DAVID PASCAL WRAY

Haines City, Fla.

Sir: It is often lamented that America has no ideology to offer the world. I submit that in his contribution to a 1964 symposium on food and civilization, Mr. Luce formulated not an ideology but a set of ideals attainable by the rest of the world, not under the yoke of the U.S. but by its side. Wrote Mr. Luce:

"Is there any political style which is best for all men? I believe there is. Constitutional government is best because it best fits the nature of man-the nature of man being an unstable mixture of freedom and fallibility, of selfishness and generosity ing the necessary restraints and evoking a sense of social cooperation

JOSEPH P. MUNZENRIDER

Guaranteed Second Strike

Sir: "Deterrence by Anti-Missiles" [Feb. 24] left unsaid what must have been a central consideration in the Soviets' de-cision to deploy an operational ABM system. Soviet planners cannot have escaped the realization that our growing fleet of rines represents a challenge to their securrines represents a challenge to their security entirely unmatched by their offensive or defensive arsenal. These submarines "on station" give the U.S. a guaranteed second-strike capability, a force in being that could reasonably be expected to survive the feet below. vive the first blow and retaliate. I believe that the Soviets feel compelled to fashion some sort of "reply" to the FBM submarine fleet; American planning should assume that the U.S.S.R. will press on with an ABM program

ANDREW C. A. JAMPOLER Lieutenant, U.S.N.

Valley Lee Md Cracks in the Code

Sir: The reservoir of good will built up by the Harlem Globetrotters, Ralph Bunche, Marian Anderson, Louis Armdrained by people like Adam Clayton Powell [March 10]. His only defense apalso guilty, which is no defense at all. O. C. ZOEBISCH

Ardmore, Pa.

Loss of seniority, a fine, and censure Sir: Loss of sentority, a fine, and censure would have been punishment enough. Powell is entitled to his seat; the House knows it. If he was flagrantly dishonest, the House was flagrantly hypocritical. DAVID M. SZONYI

Lakewood, N.J.

Call to Congress

Sir: Some legislators have called for a congressional probe of the Air Force Academy honor code [March 3]. It would be more appropriate to initiate a resolution supporting the code. This would have a salutary effect on cadet morale, putting them on notice that nothing less than un equivocal honesty and personal integrity can be accepted. And some of the resolution might rub off on the authors L. T. VICKERS

Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.) Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hassenpfeffer

Sir: Marisol's clever sculpture portrays Hugh Hefner [March 3] just as I see him: an absurd, shallow, gutless, blockheaded monster, definitely having too much of everything while imagining he is the prototype of the All-American male. But have courage, the promise is ever true: "This too shall pass," See! His foot is protrud-

LAURA T. McCAULEY Haddon Heights, N.J.

Sir: You dare display on the cover of a once respectable magazine this case of arrested development, this leech who capitalizes on the female form? How can you compare art works of

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Ingres and Boucher to "playmates"? That

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is like comparing Mickey Spillane to Boccaccio. And of the starlets you mention, not one has a tenth of the beauty or acting ability of a Garbo or a Moreau.

I have always looked forward to readin awe always looked forward to read-ing your magazine to learn the scientific, artistic, factual and even gossipy news of our country and abroad. If I wanted tripe or sexual baloney, I would read this

Just in case the thought runs through Just in case the thought runs through your fertile brain that I am a frustrated old maid: I am 27 years young, measure-ments 35-24-35, a redhead, and a mezzo-soprano at the Deutsche Oper, I am con-

sidered not to be a prude but to have especially discriminating taste. KATHLEEN BASLER

Sir: I am distressed at your printing pictures of nudes. Your circulation places these scenes before many who neither desire nor ought to see them. You misuse your wide circulation when you step out

(THE REV.) ROBERT L. RICKUS Immanuel Lutheran Church

Salisbury, Mo.

Sir: Hugh Hefner's philosophy of the good life has its deficiencies, as Cox, Hamilton and others indicate. I am grateful, however, that his philosophy has helped us re-evaluate our "puritanical kick.

(THE REV.) E. GORDON ROSS

First Baptist Church

Sir: While Playboy may be the realm of the bunny. TIME is sometimes the realm of the cat. The intellectual content of Playboy is

at least on a par with the pretentiously overstated content of a TIME Essay. The prurient appeal of an overripe foldout is prurient appeal of an overripe totoout is no worse than the peekaboo enticement of gossip about "People." The humor of a Playboy cartoon is often more sophisticated than the cleverness of TiMise. You imply that a Playboy reader must be of slight intelligence, a TiMi reader, and the statement of the property of the pr

not only intelligent but so sex-informed that he is no longer curious—although your ingenuous habit of juxtaposing a couple's marriage date and the birth date couple's marriage date and the orini date of their first child seems to indicate that you have at least a passing interest in sex. I enjoy Time and Playboy equally—I hope with awareness of the bias in each.

SALLY DEWALD

Pittsburgh Cop's Plea

Sir: Relevant to "The Dying Death Pen-alty" [Feb. 17] is a resolution adopted

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How much of your driving is done above 60 mph? Most of it 7 Much of it 5 (Under 30%) 3 None of it 1

How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads? Frequently (Over 65%) 6

Often Seldom (Under 30%) 3 Never 1 (30.65%) 5

How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do? A great deal (Over 65%) (30.65%) 6 Not too much (Under 30%) 4

How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads

(3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)? Most of it 7 Much of it 5 (Little of it 4 None of it 1 (Over 65%) 7 Much of it 5 (Under 30%) 4 None of it 1

How many miles do you drive in this car per year? 20,000 8 10,000 5 5,000 or less 3

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Rantoul III

Sept. 1 by the American Correctional Association: "The 96th Annual Congress of Correction records its opposition to capital punishment; supports the Attorney General's recommendation that the death penalty be eliminated from the Federal Criminal Code; and commends the efforts of the abolition committees in the several states.

and an association representing many of our correctional personnel advocate abolition, this is noteworthy.

JOSEPH W. ROGERS Kansas State University

Closer to Berkeley than Broadway

Sir: Perhaps Playwright Barbara Garson should be forgiven for the tasteless liberties she has taken in MacBird [March 3]: she has reminded us that we are lucky to be living in a country where such liber-ties are generously permitted.

DORRY DEHUFF

Sir: Poor Barbara Garson! Now that the critics have roasted MacBird into a fully committed protester. If that's what

Does she or doesn't she know what MacBird is? Only her conscience knows for sure. Does it recognize the distinction between veracity and audacity? Between opportunity and opportunism? Between guts and gall? Between taste and twaddle? in print and in protest. But on a stage they stand out naked.

What's a nice girl like her doing in a place like the theater, anyway? Why isn't she out in the fresh air on an applecheeked picket line? As a playwright. Garson is still much closer to Berkeley than Broadway. In trying to whip up a wicked political stew, she has turned out a mere Hasty Pudding.

RICHARD F. STOCKTON

How Could You?

Your story on the Second Annual Ivy League-Seven Sisters Trivia Contest [March 10] contains a serious misrepresentation. I find it considerably amusing that students of a school with such an impeccable reputation as Yale's could state that Harpo Marx sold ice cream in A Day at the Races, It was Chico who sold "tootsi-frootsi" ice cream as a cover for selling tips on the horses. His victim was Dr. Hackenbush, played by Groucho. ARTHUR SHIFRIN

Queens College Flushing, N.Y.

Best of Breed

Sir: Snoopy a mutt ["Big Boys at Play," March 3]? For shame! He is a beagle, as any Peanuts lover, except possibly an elephant, could tell you. He is also a philosopher, bird lover, fashion plate (how mod can you get, a W.W. I helmutt and goggles) and probably an officer (A.F., natch) and a gentleman. DAVEY LEE YOFFEE

Heartily-Dactyly

Sir: Do you think I have nothing better ou're doing when you put teasers like

Contra-ubiquitous, Said as she died, "Well I

JOAN P. GRIMM

Sir

IRA LEVIN

Wilton, Conn.

Alice in Wonderland Called at the White House and Doesn't it strike you that

NANCY G. FULTON

Cubans are spotted; but

Higgledy-piggledy

CAROLYN MIKSOVSKY

Manhattan

Higgledy-piggledy Were more than just cooks.

DAVE CHARLES KNESEL

The December of the Company of the C



ester and worsted. Won't develop travel fatigue. Won't crease, slump look you buy is the look you keep. If you don't know where or wrinkle in steamy weather. Altogether neat. Many patterns. More under the sun to see a cool Viracle suit, write Hart Schaffner

Hit the sunshine trail in a Viracle suit of lightweight Dacron* poly-shirt, Las Brisas Pink). Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring means the colors than the Braniff planes to Acapulco. (Shown, Quebrada Gray; & Marx, 36 So. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill. DuPont registered TM Photographed at the Las Brisas Hotel, Acapulco, Mexico

Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha, Ben Simon & Sons, Lincoln, and other fine stores.



The Super Golfer:

We put one together to show you how we made our Scotch.

Right from the first tee, the ball we've kept our eye on is taste, and we followed through with quality. Bortled in Scotland, 100 Pipers is a clearly modern Scotch that flows out of a great old tradition. Light but not thin, round with no edge to it, it has a forthright character that's interesting and memorable.

So the following we've picked up isn't too surprising. A lot of Scorch drinkers are finding that 100 Pipers tastes the way they've always wished Scotch would. And many who've never tried Scotch before say that 100 Pipers has the taste they've been hoping for.

We tested hundreds of different ways of putting together Scotland's finest whiskies before we found what we were after. Many of our combinations had only part of the taste wewanted for 100 Piners.

But it took us 20 years to get the whole in one.



100 PIPERS Scotch by Seagram

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND CIED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTRILLERS COMPANY, 5

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Janu R. Shepley

"D o you know what TIME has done to me?" the blind Greek lawyer asked. "It has changed my whole life."

What TIME had done to Evanghelos Georgakakis was to tell his story, "The Losing Winner," in our March 3 issue. It was the story of the deep inner powers of a man, a onetime Cretan shepherd lad, blind, with an artificial right hand and only one finger with any sense of touch on the left. Yet, at 33, using Braille and tape recorders, he had topped all 361 candidates in the Athens bar examinations. Despite this, as the story told, he was unable to find a job. No one, it seemed, wanted a blind and crippled lawyer.

Happily all that changed after our story appeared in Greece. Newspapers commented on it, and the afternoon daily Messimyreni took Greeks to task for not helping "this young man of darkness" in his "battle against his destiny." Soon Georgaman of darkness" kakis had his choice of several good positions, U.S.-educated Professor Adam Pepelasis, deputy governor of the Agrarian Bank of Greece, told TIME Reporter Mario Modiano: "I read your story and I felt a feeling of shame. It showed how a blind man can look inside his soul and discover the meaning of life-truth."

Pepelasis saw the lawyer and offered him a demanding job in legal research. His assignment; to review the entire body of Greek legislation and unearth obsolete laws that are frustrating modern agricultural development. His salary: 7,000 drachmas (\$233) a month. There were other offers, but this was the best. A day or two before TIME appeared Georgakakis actually had his first chance, thanks to Queen Mother Frederika, who had induced the Federation of Greek Industries to give him a job at 3,000 drachmas a month.

ly written about me," said Georgakakis. "But as soon as TIME ran the story, everyone started showing an active interest. I hope I will come up to the expectations TIME has created for me.

TIME has been tampered with by censors and other officials in many countries, but never to our knowledge has anyone stamped a rub-out X on the cover.º Last week we learned that in Taiwan authorities had ordered the Formosa Magazine Press, TIME's distributor, to stamp a three-inch blue cross upon the puffy features of Mao Tse-tung on the Jan. 13 cover. The distributor handstamped the thousand or more copies (exclusive of those for the U.S. military) that circulate in Taiwan. Earlier, the Taiwanese have occasionally stamped our pictures of Red Chinese figures with the word Kungfei, or Communist bandit. Deliveries of the X-ed issue were several days late, but the Nationalists had their figurative revenge and the last word in Taiwan on Chairman Mao as far as TIME was concerned. We feel they also provided an intriguing comment on the Chinese mentality and its preoccupation with form, subjects discussed in this week's Essay.

9 We ourselves X-ed Hitler on the Victory in



TAIWAN'S MAO

INDEX

Cover Story 80 Essay 28 Milestones 100 Modern Living 52 Show Business 80 Education 59 Nation 21 U.S. Business 91 People 43 World30 Listings 4 World Business 97 Medicine 67

TIME MARCH 17, 1967



Be the toughest comparison shopper who ever looked a sticker price in the face. Check the price tags on authentic GT's. (You'll find they run \$6,000, \$9,000, and even up to \$15,000.) And, while you're out tire-kicking, check the prices of those average

American cars that try to sound like authentic GT's by adding on a lot of extras at extra cost.

Do all that-and you'll really appreciate standard what your \$3.095 can buy in the You'll find that the MGB/GT is one of only 5 or 6

neet the qualifications for an authentic We're not saying there GT. It's a high-performance, closed touring car that offers absolutely unqualified sports car handling and roadability. Plus comfort amenities, and room for a load of luggage.

And look what you get as

> equipment: leather bucket seats, 4-speed gear box, dual carburetion, oil cooler, full instrumentation including tachometer, 60-spoke wire wheels, and, of course, disc brakes.

are no options for the MGB/GT. here are a few -like electric overdrive, air conditioner, radio heater But the

point is nat you don't have to depend on the list of options to have yourself a car.

So go ahead and price-shop all you want. But don't stop there. Compare performances from the driver's seat. See if you can find anything that com-pares with the MGB/GT. At anything



carsthathor

estly



March 17, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 11

THE NATION

THE WAR

On Two Fronts

Donning a blue suit, dark tie and rimless glasses for his televised press conference last week, Lyndon Johnson projected an aura of somber calm. His remarks matched his manner. He presented a cool, dispassionate defense of his conduct of the Viet Nam war. He turned away critics with soft answers, explained once more his decision to continue bombing the North (see box next page). The President was confident but cautious. While he could "no longer see any possibility of military victory on the part of North Viet Nam," neither could he forecast a quick or easy victory for the Allies.

Johnson is more certain than ever that the air war is badly hurting Hanoi and that the best way to get peace fals, started is not to relax the pressure but to keep it up. Accordingly, he moved to two," as he put it, From bases in Thaitighten the serses "another notch or two," as he put it, From bases in Thaitighten the stress and the properties of This Nguyen, steel complex 28 miles north of Hanoi and damaged it severely (see THE WORLD).

As the President and his advisers see it, such strikes put a high price on Hanoi's efforts to resupply and reinforce Communist forces in the South. Were the bombing to end, U.S. casualities would almost certainly increase, and Johnson would find himself in an indefensible political position. As it is, American losses* for the week ending March 4 were the highest of the war: 252 dead, 1,381 wounded, four missing tr. 1,736 Communist dead, at least wise as

Not to Be Trusted. For Johnson, Viet Nam is a two-front war—the military conflict across the Pacific, and the political battle in the U.S. At home, the hostilities seemed to be escalating, desoite his efforts to damp down his long-

* The U.S. command in Ssigon last week abandoned its centroversial policy of reporting U.S. unit cassalities only as "light," "inde-dared centre," or "heavy and began relate," or "heavy and began relate, or "heavy and began related for the change; the U.S. now has such preponent of the change; the U.S. now has such preponent of the centre of the cent

running vendetta with Bobby Kennedy. The feud, which had its beginnings in the 1960 Democratic Convention, flamed into open warfare last month when Bobby returned from Europe amidst rumors that he had received a significant peace feeler in Paris (which he had not).

During a 45-minute meeting in his White House office on Feb. 6, Johnson eastigated Kennedy for his stance on Viet Nam. "If you keep talking like this, you worth have a political future in this country within six months," the President is said to have warned. "In six months, all you dovers will be destined to the president in the president of American boys will be on your hands." First high the President told Kennedy, "I never want to hear your views on Viet Nam again." He also reportedly said to the Senator: "I never want to see you

Bobby, for his part, is said to have called the President an s.o.b. and to have told him at one point: "I don't have to sit here and take that ---." When the President asked him to go hefore the press and say that the U.S. had never received a genuine peace (celer from Hanoi, Kennedy said that unless he saw all the pertinent communications he could not make such an announcement. "I'm telling you that you can," said Johnson. Bobby, implying that the President was not to be trusted, refused to accept that assurance.

Mistaken Offer. The quarrel deepened, perhaps irreparably, with Kennedy's Senate speech two weeks ago calling for a unilateral U.S. bombing halt. In preparing the speech, he consulted such longtime advisers as Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger and Writer Richard Goodwin. He also invited New Left Leaders Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden up to his United Nations Plaza apartment in Manhattan to review his conviction that if the U.S. really wants fruitful negotiations, it will have to accept the possibility that the people of South Viet Nam may some day elect a Communist government.

In his speech, Bobby complained that the U.S. had stiffened its terms for talks



THAI NGUYEN STEEL COMPLEX (UPPER RIGHT) BEFORE BOMBING

Up another notch at home, too.

by demanding some concession from Hanoi in return for a halt in the bombing. The U.S. did indeed begin insisting a year ago that the North must offer concrete evidence of its desire to talk peace. As recently as the 37-day bombing pause in 1966, the Administration was offering to end the air war for nothing more than an agreement to begin negotiations. But many top officials thought that this was a mistake. since it would give Hanoi a protracted reprieve from bombardment in exchange for talks that could be turned into a lethal filibuster. To their surprise -and relief-Hanoi made no move to accept the offer. Since then, the Administration has been demanding a quid pro quo before it will agree to call off the bombing raids against the North.

Papering the Rift. Some of Robert Kennedy's closest associates have helped fuel the feud with Lyndon. His brother Teddy predicted in Boston that unless Johnson ends the war before 1968, the Democrats might go down to defeat. Officials of the Americans for Democratic Action predicted, without noticeable regret, that Johnson might become the first Democratic President in the 20th century to be unseated after a single term. Schlesinger declared that the Administration had misrepresented Hanoi's offer to talk because it "does not consider negotiations advantageous at this time." The charge brought a swift reply from U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Arthur Goldberg, "That is not true," he declared, "We are ready for unconditional negotiations today.

Both Johnson and Vice President Humphrey did their best to paper over the break. Johnson sought to downplay it at his press conference, though later. in an obvious-and overly harsh-reference to Bobby he deplored the fact that some men seemed willing to sue for peace merely out of a "temporary lust for popularity." Humphrey meanwhile tried unconvincingly to dismiss the rift as a "difference of opinion over details." Kennedy, he explained, "has never asked for withdrawal from Viet Nam. never broken with the President on the fundamental principle of our involvement." Nonetheless, the differences are serious enough to alarm officials who have served in both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations.

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, for one, is more concerned about the effectiveness of the bombing than he will publicly admit-and that places him a shade closer to Bobby Kennedy's position than the President might find comfortable. Another is Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, who sat in during the blistering White House confrontation between Johnson and Kennedy and nodded agreement whenever the President turned and asked him, "Isn't that right?"-but hastened afterward to placate Bobby, Such Kennedy holdovers as Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien and Goldberg are thought to be upset over the rift. Moreover, now that both McGeorge Bundy and Bill Moyers have left the White House, there is no longer a bridge between Johnson's personal staff and the

Kennedy camp.

"Damned Gutsy," Johnson got support from various other quarters for his
position last week. In London, Richard
Nixon declared that Bobby is "out of
his mind" for questioning Johnson's sincerity in seeking peace, added that the
resident's performance in the face of
intense pressures for a bombing half has
recent of the policy of the pressure of the
15 Asian capitals agreed that "any
15 Asian capitals agreed that "any
16 fort or of the policies and programs in
monitalizing fields," would prolong the
monitoring fields, "would prolong the

war rather than shorten it.

On his way to a meeting with U.N.
Secretary-General U Thant, who returned last week after talks with North
Vietnamese officials in Burma "more
convinced than ever" that a bombing
pause "is an absolute prerequisite" for
a peace parley. Goldberg declared:
"The war cannot stop by one party taking an action that is not reciprocated."

Even the Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, a longtime opponent of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, endorsed Johnson's present policy, "I don't believe we should stop the bombings and hope that the other side comes to the table," said Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, "We have to sit down first and then bring all fighting to an end."

"The Problem Is Not With This Government...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON was unusually clear and precise in explaining his views about Viet Nam at his press conference last week. Herewith the

pertinent quotes.

- . On Conditions for Talks: "We are ready to speak, unconditionally or conditionally, and the problem with all of those who love peace-and I think most of us do-is not with this Government. We're willing to go to a conference room any day. We are ready to go without stopping [the bombing], or after stopping, if they are willing to do likewise, or if they are willing to make any concession But I don't think it's fair to ask an American commander in chief to say to your men. 'Ground your planes, tie your hands behind you, and sit there and watch division after division come across the DMZ [demilitarized zone], and don't hit them until they get within a mile or two of you.' I don't think that's fair to American Marines or American soldiers. We have talked before while acts of war continued. We did that in Korea. We had the blockade on in Berlin while we had conferences. So we're willing to talk unconditionally, or conditionally. All we ask is equity and fairness, and that the other side do likewise. We don't think you ought to ask American boys to do one thing, while the other folks do nothing.
- On the Conduct of the War; "I not longer see any possibility of military victory on the part of North Vieit or Nam. I think they realize it. I think they're struggling desperately today to try to get a propaganda victory and to try to bring world opinion and public opinion in this country to permit them to win here what they cannot win from our men out there."
- On a Bombing Pause: "We've had five pauses now. We've heard the same story every time. I see nothing

- that would give me any indication that they've had a change of mind or that they're willing to take any serious action to stop this war."
- On the Soviet Role: "I believe that the Russians generally want peace. I think that most people in the world want peace. Some want it on different terms, and I'm hoping that the day will come when we can find some area of agreement, but I don't think that that day is here vet."
- On Reciprocity, "I don't want of quarter with anyone. I think it's attact clear to me that they life North Vertanuscel have laid down conditions that to me mean that they in consider that the mean that they include the conditions that the mean that they might talk. We have said that we would be glad to stop our invasion of North Vertanuscellar to the condition of North Vertanuscellar that the condition of North Vertanuscellar that the North Vertan
- cuss anything as of now."

 On His Critics: "As far as the critics of the Viet Nam situation are concerned, I must grant to them the same sincerity that I reserve for myself. Now as to the extent of their information. I think that that varies. I'm just not in a position to know how much information each critic of my policy in Viet Nam happens to have. I might say that it seems obvious to me that some of them do need more information sometimes, because when they make suggestions following the course of action that we've just completed, it makes me wish that all this information was available to everybody who is assuming responsibilities in this matter."

A slip of the tongue. Unless the Administration is keeping a big secret, Johnson meant to say "bombing."



"THEY WANT TO TEST OUR SINCERITY AGAIN"
Fuel for the feud.

With no indication that Hanol has any interest in sitting down, Johnson announced that he would sit down with the U.S. men on the scene. He plans to fly to the Pacific island of Gunan this weekend with McNamara and Secretary of State Dean Rusk to confer with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Commander General William C. Westmoreland on future strategy.

THE PRESIDENCY

Down the Road

The Democratic National Convention is still some 16 months away, the next presidential election 20 months distant. Nonetheless, until Lyndon Johnson chooses to announce his plans for 1968, he can expect to be questioned about them at just about every press conference—as he was last week.

Marianne Means, the Hearst papers' comely White House correspondent, opened the season, reminding Johnson of a "historical precedent" unearthed by Theodore Sorensen, President Kennedy's speechwriter. None of the Vice Presidents who have occupied the White House on the death of a President, noted Sorensen, have ever sought re-election to a second consecutive full term.9 Would Johnson follow that custom? Grinning slyly, the President replied: "I didn't know there had been that much speculation about it. I think that, down the road several months from now, there will be an appropriate time for an announcement of what my future plans are.

If the announcement comes in "several months'" time, it will almost have to be yes. Meanwhile, Johnson all but gave the nod to Hubert Humphrey as his running mate, "I have never known

Of the seven who preceded Johnson, only Theodore Roosevelt sought a second full term, but that was when he attempted a comeback in 1912, nearly four years after he left the White House.

a public servant that I worked better with, or for whom I had more admiration, or who I thought was more entitled to the public trust than the Vice President," said Johnson. "I felt that way when I asked the convention in Atlantic City to select him, and I feel even stronger about it today."

THE DRAFT

Disputation Defused

Almost everyone agrees that the Selective Service System is inequitable, iniquitous—and indispensable. Almost everyone also agrees on most of the latest spate of proposals to reform the draft.

President Johnson, drawing heavily on the recommendations of his advisory commission (TIME, March 10), last week proposed to Congress some sweeping revisions of the system, notably: 1) inducting younger men first rather than the oldest eligible for service, 2 ending deferments for most graduate students and giving serious consideration to withdrawing undergraduate deferments, and 3) substituting a lotted to be present selection by hirth date.

South Carolina Democrat L. Mendel Rivers, whose House Armed Services Committee will write the legislation, at first seemed opposed to the President's program, in particular to the lottery rogam, in particular to the lottery data, which under present circumstances would become a form of Viet Nam advisory panel, which fallarly rejected any system of random selection, and the chairman apparently differed with the

President on other points as well. After the initial response, however, the prospects seem to be for more compromise than conflict between the White House and Capitol Hill. "I don't shut my eyes to some form of chance," Rivers allowed later. "We're all trying to work things out." Furthermore, Rivers' own advisers came out in favor of taking 19- and 20-year-olds first. There was also agreement on reducing deferments for graduate students, al-though here the President was prepared to go beyond the prevailing sentiment in the Armed Services Committee. He would deny deferment to all graduate students except those studying to be physicians, dentists and ministers. Rivers is disposed to grant waivers to others in fields associated with defense needs, such as physics.

Johnson shrewdly defused disputation in advance by taking a flexible position on the touchy questions of undergraduet deferment and whether to replace or reorganize the system of local draft boards. Nor does he intend to rush out executive orders—as he has the power to do—to implement the lottery scheme and some other proposals. Congress has until June 30 to renew and amond for a control to some areas in which the President now has sole juris-



RIVERS

More compromise than conflict.

diction. But Johnson's go-slow approach gives Congress time to make its views felt—and an opportunity to share any political consequences of major changes in the draft.

NEW YORK

The Loner & the Shaman

The most significant question still to be settled in the Adam Clayton Powell case is whether the House of Representatives had the constitutional right to deny him admission for the specific offenses with which he was charged. While his lawyers raised this issue in federal court last week, Powell himself unexpectedly became the target of a political

challenge in his Harlem fieldom. Powell's exclusion from Congress automatically created a vacancy in the ISRh District; to fill it, a special election was set for April 11. Powell was assured of the Democratic nomination for the seat he has already won twelve times—even though, as seemed likely, the House might continue to deny it to him. Then James Merculth, 35, he monopower to be a served to the control of the control of the control of the work of the work

bands invitation to oppose Powell.
"Tetched," In 1962, Merclith risked
his life in the batte to integrate the
University of Mississiph. Last year,
white fashing.

White fashing to the state of the state of the
pellets freed into him by a white racist.
But from far-off Binnin, Powell, whose
sestful pursuit of the sporting life has
betrayed the Negroes' trust in him of the
many candidate.

Still prevented from visiting New York by contempt-of-court citations that could jail him. Powell said that he would not have to campaign anyway. Nevertheless, reinforced by the presence of CORE's Floyd McKissick, he got in a few licks for the benefit of reporters and TV cameras. "Long before Mr. Meredith was having his diapers changed," he mocked, "I was walking the streets of Harlem on pickel lines." Noting that Meredith describes himself as an "independent Democrat," Powell observed that 'amphody who is a Democrat runthat 'amphody who is a Democrat runbe a little tetched in the head." No one was nasty enough to remind Powell that in 1956 he bolted his party to support Dwight Eisenbower.

If Powell's arrogant comments were repredictable, Negro reaction back home to Meredith's bid was irrationally hostile. It was as if the uncontested elections of the old Solid South—the kind to that kept the Negro down for so long had become Harlem's ideal of democraory. Negro Author (Manchild in the Promised Land) Claude Brown, an old friend of Meredith called him 'an ass. action in barring Powell as racially inspired. However, Meredith reasoned: "A revolution will not succeed if it is based on wrong. For Negroes to recleet Powell just because he is a Negro, regardless of everything else, would be as wrong as what the Congress did." As for Powell, Meredith said mildly: "The people deserve something more."

"Interesting," Merceith certainly deserved more than the lukewarm reception he got from promiment New York Republicans. Though Merceith said he only agreed to consider the nomination only agreed to consider the nomination Rockefeller, the Gowens (see New York Mayor John Lindsay—who, like Rockefeller, values Negro support—hohummed that it was an "interesting" development. The only major party figseptiment of the property of the contraction of the control of the control





McKISSICK & POWELL

Suddenly an old Southern ideal.

an absolute as: "Said Jackie Robinson, as Republican and a civil rights moderate: "No self-respecting Negro should have involved himself in this thing."

The Amsterdam News, the Negro weekly bannered: Beson Republicans Outragado. In Harlem there was open talk of assassination—and in view of the 1988 attempt on Martin Luther King's life and the 1965 murder of Malcolm X, the threat to Meredith could not be disregarded.

MEREDITH & ALBANO

"Honder chief-Hond." The reason for such emotional outbursts is that Powell's fall from power has won him a shaman's hold on Negroes' feelings. At a rally in Powell's church, even the N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins was denounced as a "handkerchief-head nigger" for a statement casting doubt on Powell's value to the civil rights movement. (Wilkins said he had been misinterpreted.)

Ironically, Meredith himself sided with those who criticized the House dith "a symbol of the dignity and participation in our national life for which the people of Harlem have been working for decades."

As a practical matter, of course, white politicians could do little to win votes for Meredith. In any event, the congressional leadership must now fight Powell in court, not at the ballot box. Last week the House passed a resolution authorizing Speaker John McCormack to retain private counsel to oppose Powell's suit-although Congress does not recognize the judiciary's right to pass on internal legislative affairs. As House Minority Leader Gerald Ford pointed out, the Powell case has already been "pleaded before the only court of competent jurisdiction under the Constitution, the House of Representatives, and judgment has been passed." Now, said Ford, "the integrity of the House must be preserved, protected and defended from without as well as from within."

CALIFORNIA

In the Black, with Crust

"Promises and piecrust," observed Dr. Swift, "are made to be broken." By ignoring such cynicism, California's Ronald Reagan risked a lot of pastry. During his election campaign, the new Republican Governor had pietged "sound financial management," and last week had the crust to demand the highest state, buttressed by the biggest tax boost in California history.

To keep the state moving ahead and at the same time in the black, Reagan proposed a budget of \$5,047,000,000 and called for \$946 million in increased taxes. The tax figure was deceptive, however, because a sizable chunk of it (\$170 million) would go toward offsetting property taxes; on the average, homeowners would receive about 6.5% retlief from property tax bills.

To raise the new revenues. Reagan proposed a 5% sales tax (up from 4%), increases in liquor taxes from \$1.50 per gallon to \$2.25, in cigarette taxes from 3¢ to 6½¢, in personal income tax rates from a maximum of 7% to 10%, and in bank and corporate profits from a maximum of 9.5% to 10.5%. Actually, the new taxes were necessary mainly because the state was committed by former Governor Pat Brown to programs costing far more than current taxes are bringing in. If approved by the legislature, they will become effective July 1, and under the California constitution, revenue must equal expenses

Though the action did little to Taise the onetime actor's popularity rating, he at least knew how to recognize an exit uce. When his tay proposals were made public, Reagan managed a strategie retreat to the East, where he met with New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeler, breakTasted in Washington with Reverse and the Washington with Reswapped quips with Bobby Kennedy at the Gridforn Club's annual hinks.

Reagan, 56, who spent three days in the capital, was exposed to the intense attention Washingtonians accord only to those whom they regard as potential presidential candidates-though he persistently denied any intent of running in 1968. At a crowded 30-minute press conference, Reagan handled himself with assurance and wit, gave his views on subjects ranging from Viet Nam ("full resources" should be used to support U.S. troops there) to whether Michigan's Governor George Romney should take a position on the war C'It sure would help him at press conferences"). Items:

On the possible use of nuclear weapons in Vict Nam, conceding that he is not equipped to decide the issue, Reagan observed. "The last person in the world that should be told we won't use them is the enemy in Vict Nam. They ought to go to bed every night thinking we will."
 I no pen housing: "There are certain fundamental rights that cannot be put



REAGAN IN WASHINGTON Exit on cue.

up to vote," and one of them is the right of a homeowner to sell his property to

whomever he wants ▶ On student revolts: "You don't negotiate with student groups. You listen to what they have to say. But if they don't abide by the rules, they can pack their bags, get out and seek their education elsewhere. LABOR Jimmy's Nemesis Dammit, I may have faults, but being

wrong ain't one of them.

-James Riddle Hoffa Just how wrong he could be, the pugnacious, taciturn boss of the Teamsters Union learned last week when the iron gates of the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., swung shut on him. Jimmy Hoffa was in on an eight-year sentence, and could be rapped with an additional five-year term if the courts reject his

appeal from a conviction for fraud and

conspiracy. Said he: "It's a very unhappy day in my life.

It was a day long in coming. Ever since taking over the 1.8 million-member union ten years ago-from Dave Beck, who was imprisoned for larceny -Hoffa, 54, has been the object of almost constant investigations and allegations by the Federal Government. Six times he was brought to trial but only twice convicted. Hoffa took modest refuge in an ancient businessman's gag: he festooned his desk with a bronze plaque inscribed with the dog-Latin motto: Illegitimi Non Carborundum (Don't let the bastards wear you down).

Perverse Sympathy. He never did. In fact, Hoffa's stubborn fight against imprisonment touched a perverse chord of sympathy among his union members. Casting himself in the role of Jean Valjean, Hoffa shouted: "To hell with all our enemies"-and his Teamsters loved it. He played to the hilt the fiction that he was the persecuted Everyman, the scapegoat of the Establishment.

He was no underdog when it came to running his union. Hoffa ruthlessly crushed opposition, demanded total obedience from his officers. His ironfisted rule led him into questionable associations with gangsters, shady deals with employers and flagrant misuse of union funds. Bobby Kennedy, who as counsel for the Senate rackets committee and later as Attorney General showed that he could be as rough an infighter as Hoffa, called his handling of the union a "conspiracy of evil." fierce was the enmity between Hoffa and Kennedy that special police guards were assigned to Bobby after Hoffa's imprisonment, as protection against reprisal from Hoffa's partisans.

Yet, in his fashion, Hoffa accomplished a great deal for the Teamsters. He molded the union, once a disparate collection of feuding regional fiefdoms, into the most powerful labor force in the nation. A formidable bargainer, he scrupulously kept to the letter of contracts once they were signed and swiftly stamped out wildcat strikes. By equalizing drivers' wages throughout the country, he eliminated labor costs as a factor in competition and thereby helped stabilize the trucking industry. He opened the union's doors to Negroes and, characteristically, disdained any praise as a civil rights advocate. It was only "breadand-butter" common sense to encourage Negro members, he explained, because otherwise they would become strikebreakers. He recruited not only truckers for his union but every other worker he could muster, from aircraft workers to hatcheck girls. So large was his union that a nationwide Teamsters' strike could paralyze the U.S. economy, and Hoffa

lost no chance to brag about such power. Paying a man his price-and Hoffa was sure that every man has onefinally led to his downfall. He was given his eight-year sentence in 1964 for tampering with a jury hearing charges that Hoffa had accepted more than \$1,000,-000 in illegal payments from a Detroit trucking firm-a Taft-Hartley violation that carried a maximum one-year sentence. Later in the same year, a federal jury convicted Hoffa of fraudulently diverting at least \$1,000,000 in union funds and gave him the five-year sentence that is still under appeal

Peanut-Butter Sandwich. Though his term as Teamsters' president runs until 1971, prison authorities have stated flatly that Hoffa will not be permitted to operate the union from the Lewisburg penitentiary-where he made the uncharacteristically delicate gesture of using his raincoat to hide the handcuffs on his wrists. Like any other prisoner, he will be allowed only seven letters a week-all of which will be read by the warden and returned if they contain business matters-and three hours monthly for visits by his family or attorneys working on his appeal.

While he is in prison, Hoffa's \$100,-000 salary will be reduced to a \$48,000 living allowance for his wife, and the union will be headed by his Detroit crony, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, under the title of general vice president. Chubby and smiling. Fitzsimmons will have his hands full trying to keep the Teamsters' regional rivalry from re-emerging, "He's just a peanut-butter sandwich," said one union official. "He'll melt in no time.

Fitzsimmons' first test will come later this month when he heads negotiations with 12,000 trucking firms employing 450,000 workers. The current contract expires March 31, and the Teamsters want a package increase of 5% to 7%, a proposal that may run into stiff opposition from the industry.



The price was wrong.

THE ASSASSINATION

Truth v. Death

Like the events it describes in minute detail, William Manchesters The Death of a President has become a source of ordless contention. Phase one of the endless contention. Phase one of the with the Kennedy family, has given way to dispute over Manchester's accuracy on several substantive points. Last week Manchester's forthcoming \$10,710-page work came under serious challenge from Truth about the Assassination!

Truth was written by Charles Roberts, an able newsman who has been Newsweek's White House correspondent since 1954. Roberts was in Dallas the day of the murder and became one of the two newsmen (the other: U.P.I.'s Merriman Smith) to fty back to Washington on the



THE CORRESPONDENT
On the contrary.

plane carrying the dead President and his successor. And, unlike Manchester, who was originally commissioned by the Kennedy family, Roberts has written his account "without authorization from anyone, not as a Kennedy man or as a Johnson man, but as a reporter who covered both Presidents."

"Correct, Compossionale," Roberts and Manchester chiefly differ in describing the interplay between Lyndon Johnson and Kennedy's bereaved intimates during the hours immediately pression created by Death's prepublication publicity is that Manchester community of the pression created for needless cruelty. In the Look serialization, Manchester writes that "aspects of Johnson's behavior in a very understandable state of harvior and the pression of the property o

A major point of friction was the logistical and procedural snarl of returning to Washington. Manchester implies that it would have been much easier on Mrs. Kennedy if Johnson had left the presidential plane to her and the coffin and used the similar vice-presidential jet himself. Says Manchester of the two Boeing 707s: "Each carried the same equipment, both were guarded." On the equipment, both were guarded." On the presidential craft, "then contained far more and better communications equipment—transmitting, receiving, coding and decoding—than any

of the back-up jets. "Inevitable Delay." Then there was the question of when to depart. Johnson wanted to be sworn in officially before take-off. Kennedy aides wanted to leave Love Field as soon as the coffin and Mrs. Kennedy arrived. Manchester, relying on interviews conducted later, reports a tense scene between Johnson and Kenneth O'Donnell, J.F.K.'s appointments secretary, in which O'Donnell "over and over" insisted: "We've got to go, we've got to get out of here, we can't wait." But Roberts says he could detect no "atmosphere of crackling tension." Further, he quotes O'Donnell as saving later: "I realized it was an inevitable delay. So I don't believe I commented on

it. I just listened to him."

Roberts also discusses the alreadyexposed Manchester error concerning the attendance of Kennedy aides at the swearing-in. In the Look serialization of his book, Manchester said no "male Kennedy aide" attended, Published pictures disproved this (TIME, Feb. 24), and in the hard-cover version to be published officially next month, this may be one of the mistakes Manchester corrects. Further, Manchester reports that Johnson had trouble persuading Kennedy aides to enter the conference room for the ceremony. Not so, says Roberts -who was in the room. Johnson's invitation to witness the swearing-in was so readily taken up that the small chamber was filled

Coolest in Dallas, In his general characterization of Johnson. Manchester depicts him immediately after the shooting as "incapable of coping with the fact of his succession," as "far readier to take orders than to issue them," as being in a "muddle" and talking in a 'feeble whisper" to one Texas associate. According to Death, it was only later, on the plane, that Johnson recovered. Roberts' subjective appraisal: Johnson "was the coolest man in Dallas, or aboard Air Force One." Even on inconsequential details, Roberts finds fault with Death. He says that the book used for Johnson's swearing-in was not John Kennedy's personal Bible, as Manchester and others report, but a small missal, which perhaps had never even been opened by Kennedy. The book subsequently disappeared.

Despite his differences with Manchester, Roberts' main mission in Truth is to debunk the tomes purporting to prove—contrary to the Warren Commission findings—that J.F.K. was the victim of a conspiracy. On this question, Manchester and Roberts are in accord, Lincoln's body was disinterred four times,

and Roberts speculates that the widespread doubts about the assassination raised by the conspiracy mongers may in time lead to demands that John Kennedy's remains also be unearthed.

PHILADELPHIA

Republican Specter

Ås a lawman, Philadelphia's District Attorney Afren Specier was almost to Blackstone born. He has officially been a law enforcement officer since the age of three, when the sheriff of Sedgwick County, Kans, deputiced him during a visit and won young Specier Reeting 1964, as one of the youngest the was then 34) investigators with the Warren Commission, Specier developed the report's central "single-buillet" theory of the Kennedy assassination. Then, back



THE D.A. Anybody want to race?

in Philadelphia, Specter shifted political allegiance from liberal Democrat to liberal Republican, won handily in the 1965 race for district attorney to become the city's first major G.O.P. victor in a dozen years. Last week Specter took on a new challenge: he accepted the Republican nomination for mayor in this fall's municipal election.

Few Philadelphians doubt that Specter will win. Polls by Psephologist E. John Bucci, who predicted the gubernatorial victories of both William Scranton and Raymond Shafer, peg Specter as a 2-to-1 favorite over any other candidate. Meanwhile, the Democrats, badly split after five years of lackluster leadership, face a furious primary dogfight.

Imagination & Execution, Democratic Mayor Jamse H. J. Tate, 57, a courtly Irishman with the instincts of a machine gunner, won in 1963 on the strength of Negro support. His obstinate opposition to neighborhood control of poverty funds turned both Washington and the Negro community against him. It also brought out the fighting instincts of City Controller Alexander Hemphill, 45, who will oppose Tate in the primary, Says N.A.A.C.P. Leader Cecil B. Moore, himself running for mayor as an independent: "Tate will be retired to the position he's best qualified for: cesspool attendant."

Specter's mayoral qualifications are exemplary; as assistant attorney general, he singlehandedly reformed Philadelphia's corrupt magisterial system and convicted three errant magistrates (TIME, Oct. 1, 1965); as D.A. he initiated a round-the-clock police court to speed justice for minor offenders and won Negro support by padlocking dives. Previously hacked by the Americans for Democratic Action despite his party switch. Specter also has the wholehearted support of Philadelphia's Republican Boss William Mechan

Specter wasted no time last week in getting his campaign under way. Tate's government-hy-crony, he said, produces underlings who "take direction by tantrum." To cope with Philadelphia's problems of poverty, housing, race relations, retaining and attracting industry, he added, "you need imagination and execution at the top municipal levels. We don't have that here."

SAN FRANCISCO

Love on Haight

The Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco is not so much a neighborhood as a state of mindlessness. The Erewhon of America's "pol left," a 10-by-15 block midtown section, has over the past year become the center of a new utopianism, compounded of drugs and dreams, free love and 150, It is a far cry from the original Utopia, ensisted some 400 years ago by ir Thomsoned Some 400 years ago year

Speed & Acid. Utopia on the Bay is bounded at one end by the greenery of Golden Gate Park, split down the middle by the fragrant eucalyptus trees of "The Panhandle." Tourist buses have already made The Haight-Ashbury (its residents insist on the definite article) a regular stop. Down the center of Psychedelphia runs Haight Street (which hippies hope to have renamed "Love Street"); the region itself-once the residence of such formidable families as the silver-mining Floods and the couture-vending Magnins-is studded with steamboat-Gothic mansions and psychedelic gathering places like the "I and Thou" coffee shop and the "Print Mint." Its inhabitants wear everything from Elizabethan motley to Judean beards. They preach every gospel from the 19th century socialism of France's Charles Fourier to the all-purpose caritas of St. Francis. Most of them-perhaps 80%-are steadily high on drugs ranging from LSD to such synthetic stimulants as Methedrine, Dexedrine and Benzedrine, which are known collectively as "speed," Gaudily painted trucks and buses thread with somnambulatory leisure through The Haight-Ashbury's sunny streets like evocations of an acid dream; the sickly scent of incense fills the air to mask the reek of marijuana.

Strollers wear jingle bells at their ankles, beads or flowers at their throats, and strum guitars or tootle flutes. It is not rare to see a Haight Street hip-flake out along the curb for a legal flake out along the curb for a legal flake out along the curb for a legal flower of sun tan. Wall posters, in the style of China's Red Guard movement, abound—most of them signed "Love" or "Peace" and hearing such timeless mother is pushed out of shape.—Sour mother is pushed out of shape.

Illogical Extension. The Haight-Ashbury is an illogical extension of such 1950-style scenes as Los Angeles' Ven-

Getting Together. Not that The Haight-Ashbury Utopia needs any new source of supply. Narcotics arrests in the district last year more than trebled (from 148 in 1965 to 485 in 1966). A "lid" (22 grams) of marijuana sells for \$10 (v. \$25 in New York City) and a 100 microgram "tab" of LSD can be had for \$4. Some pot peddlers even pass out supermarket-style trading stamps with each purchase. Apart from narcotics arrests, however, the crime rate shows no drastic escalation. During a January "Human Be-In" at Golden Gate Park. 10,000 hippies turned out to sing folkrock songs, watch a psychedelic parachutist descend from a "high trip," listen to Hindu prayers by Sometime Guru Allen Ginsberg, who has survived the transition from beat to hip. Even members of Hell's Angels, the rough-



HARRIS & HIPPIES OUTSIDE THE "PRINT MINT"

Pushed out of shape in delicious despair.

ice West, New York's South Village, and San Francisco's own North Beach, where the beats of the Kerouac-Ferlingheticinsberg generation gathered in delicious despair. What has been added is a vague sense of mission, drawn from the ideals of the New Left and the new lotts-eaters. Central to that new sort of psychodelic soup kitchen praviding free chow to hungry hippies.

Led by a pug-nosed frish-American mande Emmel Grogan, 23, The Digers beg leftovers and handouts from nearby restaurants, buthers shops and groceries, rumble around in a rainbow-painted truck dispersing stew and sympathy. "The whole idea is love," explains Digger Leonard Sissman, 23, who recently quit an insurance job in New Insey to join the love-Haight mission. We have a friend where we'll grow food." he explains, "and other Diggers will go to Chile or Mexico to grow marijuana in the backyard." knuckled, leather-jacketed motorcyclists in Nazi drag, turned up to turn on some were seen holding lost children or gathsaking tambourines. Not a single flight marred the Be-In, and as the sun went down to the sullen wall of Ginsberg blowing a conch shell), the forgathered hoppies quielty cleared every bit of litter they had never seen so large a crowd leave so clean a field.

Reaction to the New Utopia among Reaction to the New Utopia among Reaction to the New Utopia among the New York of the Happing All Saints' Episcopal Church, whose favorite ancetoned to the New York of the N

THE MIND OF CHINA

The chief of state decided that the past must be wiped out. He ordered all philosophical books burned, except for one copy to be preserved in the state library, Many scholars were denounced as economically useless. By contrast, the masses of disciplined peasants and workers were exalted. The state took over control of religion. When intellectuals protested, thousands were condenued to forced labor.

A partial account of Mao Tse-tung's Great Probletarian Cultural Revolution? Not at all. The Chinese ruler who acted thus was called Shih Huang Ti, the Emperor famed for constructing the Great Wall. In the 3rd century 8 C., he forcibly united most of China around the northeastern state of Chin and established a 1 yrannical rule that was soon on weept away in civil war. It would be risky to draw any neat the control of the partial between the control of the control of

Every country is not only a country but also an idea. The idea of China has haunted—and usually elided—the Western mind ever since travelers set out to find the dream of golden-roofed Cathay. In the Renaissance, Mattee Ricci, and the control of China under the Mitter of State of the China under the Mitter of State of

Many of the apparent contradictions are caused by one basis difference between the Western man, in the image of Prometheus or Faust, seeks to dominate anature; the Chinese eecks to live in harmony with it. The ideal of harmony—with the universe, with the past, within sistance to change, the subordination of the individual to the overall design. Above all, it helps to account for the periodic unbursts of violence in a land that values nonviolence. When society is repressed, when forms are meticulously observed, when balance is sought above all, sooner or later the served, when balance is sought above all, sooner or later the be more violent than in a society that is psychologically accustomed to struggle, and considers it a law of life.

The apparent serenity of China has often hidden the recurring tensions between central government and regions, between Emperor and officialdom or ambitions war lords and, above all, the sometimes intoferable inner tensions of trying to maintain harmony. As China Scholar Etienne Balzes put it. The aming landscape is found to be a viel which, or the put it is the put of the put is the put of the conextinct volcanoes, reminiscent of the visions with which most Chinese landscape painters were obessed."

Action by Inaction

What Mao is attempting to doe in effect, is to replace the lingering ideal of harmony—issing as much of it as he can for his own devices—with a modern, dynamic system of dialectic struggle. In trying to accomplish this, he must cope with every ancient phase of Chinese mentality, from its basic wiew of man to the minutest dayl practices. The traditional Chinese view of the universe does not, as in the West, see "I man a superior of the minutest dayl practices the traditional Chinese view of the universe does not, as in the West, see "I man a superior of the minutest dayl practices" of the mist of the superior of the minutest daylor of the superior of the minutest daylor of the minu

once told his disciples: "Till you have learned to serve men, how can you serve spirits." In the Confucian view, man is essentially good—which is why the Chinese have a sense of shame but not of sin. To stay good, he needs moral guidance, and to provide it is the essence of Confucianism.

The well-being of the state and people depends on the proper conduct of proprieties and free, or f-which one scholar calls "the politeness of the heart." This can be achieved by following the five virtues bensvolence, right-cousness, propriety, knowledge, sincerity, These must be applied in the framework of the five relationships prince and minister, father and son, older brother and younger brother, husband and wife, friend and friend.

This practical, moralistic code has encountered many rival teachings, chief among them mystical Taiosim, which holds that Tao, or the Way, knows no distinction between big and small, high and low, good and bad. Through war wei, meaning "action by inaction," man can achieve tranquillity in the midst of strife. As the sage Lao Tzu expressed it:

To yield is to be preserved whole To be bent is to become straight. To be hollow is to be filled. To be tattered is to be renewed. To be in want is to possess. To have plenty is to be confused.

Realism of Magic

These conforting paradoxes provided mental escape for the Chinese in times of stress. Thanks to the unique Chinese gift for blending all manner of faiths. Taokin managed to exist with Conticianism over the centuries. A Chinese in power, it has been said, is a Confucian cout of power, he is a Taokst, and when about to die, a Buddhist. China absorbed Buddhism, too; in China, somehow, the evanescent idea of mirvana became transmuted into a far earthire proliferation.

While the Chinese mind is earthbound, it is strongly drawn to magic. It sees the world inhabited by a multitude of spirits. Before a house or a temple is built, its location must be carefully considered in relation to mountain or water spirits. Grantfully considered in relation to mountain or water spirits, off evil influences. It is utuleky to meet a huld-headed man on the way to a mah-jong party and dangerous to help a drowning man, because evil spirits might drag the rescuer down too. The aggregate of thousands of such superstitions in the manner of the control of th

At the center of reality is the family, Until recently, worshiping one's ancestors was the highest spiritual duty; to be loyal to one's kinsmen is still for most the highest social duty, Legend abounds with stories of flial devotion, including the boy Meng who lured the mosquitoes to bite him so the still a s

not briefs: this is at the root of miter't chinese corruption.

The Western notion of individualism, which insists on its own rights but respects the rights of others, is hard for the senger in a crowded bus triumphantly settling into the only empty seat—the driver's—and refusing to give it up, even though it obviously means that the bus will go nowhere.

In China, anything resembling nationhood was understood only in terms of a kind of superfamily, with the Emperor as the patriarch. Ultimately, in the Confucian view, all government was based on virtue. So long as the head of the great Chinese family was virtuous, all was well with the land; but if the country fared ill, it must be because the Emperor had fallen into evil ways and the "mandate of heaven" had been withdrawn. That was the traditional rationale for the periodic rebellions that brought down every Chinese dynasty. Mencius, a revered follower of Confucius, proclaimed the people's "right to rebellion"-but only as a last resort.

The distaste for force in the Confucian order is profound. one indication being the low social status of the soldier. Men who know how to employ ruse, the traditional weapon of the weak against the strong, are particularly admired. A famous Chinese story describes how a poet wrote a novel considered dangerous by the Emperor and was summoned to court to be punished; he bribed the boatman to travel as slowly as possible, and by the time he arrived, he had written a new novel so fantastic that the Emperor decided he must be insane and spared his life. To many Chinese, that poet is more of a hero than is a conquering general.

Strenuous or dangerous sports were taboo in traditional China. The notion of legal litigation is distasteful, a fact reflected in proverbs like: "Win your law suit and lose your money." Life is regulated more by custom than by law. The ideal demands that disputes be settled by mediation and compromise. "The Chinese people love compromise," said Lu Hsün, a satirist who died in 1936, "If you say to them." 'This room is too dark, we must have a window made,' they will oppose you. But if you say, 'Let's take off the roof,' they will compromise with you and say, 'Let's have a window.'

Reality of Appearance

Part of the distrust of the law-and of legal doctrine-is explained by the general Chinese dislike of abstraction. The Chinese intellect tends not to distinguish between general and particular ideas. The Chinese resists logical analysis in the Aristotelian either/or sense. He reasons in what, to the Western mind, seems a chain of non sequiturs. Similarly, the Chinese tends to regard events, not as a matter of cause and effect, but in terms of symmetrical patterns.

The lack of analytic thinking helps explain the almost magical power individual words seem to have. In his concept of cheng ming, "the rectification of names," Confucius pointed out that names and terminology must be correct, otherwise "the people do not know to move hand or foot." This idea, suggest Edwin Reischauer and John Fairbank in a joint book on Asia, really means not so much that theory should correspond to reality, but "that reality should be made to conform with theory." Similarly, the problem of appearance is involved in the concept of face. Partly, face is a preference of form over reality. Partly, it is a cautious avoidance of precise commitments or statements to avoid the later embarrassment of being wrong.

Like words, numbers have near-occult importance. This is

apparent from the ancient Book of Changes, according to which all the laws of nature can be condensed into eight trigrams and 64 hexagrams, down to such didactic concepts as the five relationships, the six domestic animals, the seven apertures of the head, etc. The mystical rather than analytical preoccupation with numbers, plus a practical concern with ethics, explains in part why China failed for so long to develop natural sciences. In a society where scholarship emphasized rote memory of officially interpreted historical accounts rather than deductive reasoning, there was little room-or need-to seek new knowledge; everything under the Chinese sun had already happened, and all one had to do to cope with a situation was to find an example in the classics and follow that precedent.

It was the lack of science, the absence of intellectual equipment or desire to accept change that proved so disastrous when, in the 19th century, the West broke through the Great Wall of Chinese isolation. The Mandarins, that elite corps of scholar-officials who had so long governed under the Emperors-in the words of one Western scholar, as "managers before their time"-finally lost their power to manage. Always opposed to specialization, in the belief that the really wise man can know and do everything, they were unable and unwilling to cope with modern knowledge. Suddenly, the old formulas no longer worked. Numbers, concepts, labels could not prevail against modern guns and machines. So long unshaken in its sense of superiority, China in the last years of the Manchu rule suffered military defeat and economic exploitation. A social order based on harmony with nature was shattered by the West's promethean energy. Suddenly, it was devastatingly clear that the Middle Kingdom was not really at the center of the universe.

Mandate of History

Viewed against the backdrop of China's past, the Communist regime shows an intricate pattern of change and sameness. Some observers see in Red China merely a more ruthless version of the Celestial Empire. Says Amaury de Riencourt: "Drab caps and standardized tunics have replaced the glittering apparel, peacock feathers, jewels and silk brocades of former times; but the contents are the same."

A new generation of scholar-officials interprets the doctrine, which has been put into little red plastic books and spread across the nation for all to memorize. The loyalty to a dynastic ruler has been replaced by adherence to a political party-and to the father figure of Mao himself. Whipping up the old xenophobia and banking on the old lack of individualism, Mao is trying to establish a central regime more stringent than any China has ever known-and, like all past rulers, facing regional opposition. His party cadres travel across country to spy and supervise, as did the imperial secretaries and "censors"; like the Manchus, Mao discourages the use of government officials in their native areas.

Above all, the notion remains that theory can be imposed on reality. Confucius believed that the power of the mind could "move heaven and earth." Mao seems to have a similar belief in that power: the Great Leap Forward can be accomplished, steel can be made in the backyard, revolution can be rendered permanent, if only the will is there. The old numbers game survives in such slogans as the "Three Antis" (anti-corruption, anti-waste, anti-bureaucratic abuse). The cult of the right term coincides with the endless Communist name calling and with such moves as changing Peking's Lega-

tion Street to Anti-Imperialist Struggle Street

The Communists used the force of face when they paraded opponents through the streets in dunce caps; reportedly, such humiliation has led many to kill themselves. In turn, Mao's critics "have to wait for Mao's fanatical crusade to wear itself out, and then use his ideology to pick up the pieces and get Chinese Communism back on the rails," writes Harvard's Fairbank in The New Republic. "In pre-Communist parlance this means they must save the old man's face."

Yet the breaks with the past are at least as significant as the parallels. Both Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek fought in some measure against the Confucian tradition, passivity and family loyalties. Mao is continuing the fight more ruthlessly. Where the old China put soldiers at the bottom of the social order, Red China glorifies them. A streak of neo-puritanism now replaces the older hedonism. The family is under heavy attack. One effective campaign involved a marriagereform law, which was aimed at female equality. The People's Communes, with their central mess halls, were intended to subordinate family loyalties to the state. No longer is a son punished for informing against his father; on the contrary, he is ordered to do so. Ancestor worship is also being stamped out; thousands of ancestral cemeteries have been dug up. Children are not taught the five relationships of Confucius, but learn the five loves instead: "love of country, of the people, of work, of science, of the people's property

How successful the Communists are in changing the old thought patterns, no one can say. Until its recent easing, the Red Guards' roving revolution suggested turmoil that reached the roots of the nation. Mao may be gambling with the mandate of heaven-or of history. Endurance is the greatest Chinese virtue. The Chinese express it by saving: We know how to ch'th-ku-to eat bitterness." Without doubt the bitterness of Communist rule will profoundly change China. In the process, China will also change Communism.

THE WORLD

NORTH VIET NAM

The Cost Goes Up Again

Every time a U.S. plane strafes a truck convoy or bombs out a bridge, the cost of Hanoi's involvement in South Viet Nam goes up another notch. Still, the U.S. has shown remarkable restraint by sparing a long list of choice and vital targets. The roster of restricted areas includes the docks of Haiphong harbor, the MIG jet fighter bases that ring Hanoi and the 25-mile zone bordering Red China, which is increasingly used as a sanctuary for truck convoys bringing supplies from China. Last week the U.S decided to raise the North's costs considerably by striking hard at a target that had hitherto been spared; the huge Thai Nguyen iron and steel complex 38 miles north of Hanoi.

Thai Nguyen was Hanoi's much-publicized pride and joy, symbolizing its hopes for an industrialized future. Built with Chinese aid, equipment and technicians, its 48 large buildings were scattered over nearly three square miles, It employed 200 engineers, 2,000 technicians, and some 12,000 workers on clans, and some 12,000 workers on three shifts. Destined to be the most modern metalworks in all of Southeast Asia when completed in 1969. Thai Nguyen was already turning out 2004-000 tons of cast iron, supplying 80% of North Viet Nam's iron and steel alloy needs. It also had a vital role in Hanois' war effort, fabricating "instant" bridges, cargo barges and oil druns.

The Granddaddy. The Pentagon had long wanted approval to bomb Thai Nguven. But not until the failure of peace probes during the Tet holiday truce did Lyndon Johnson give the scramble signal to the Air Force, Reconnaissance of the target and bad weather, which has limited strikes over North Viet Nam since January, held up the attack until last week. Then, as the monsoon clouds began to break up, U.S. Navy A-4 Skyhawks from the carriers Kitty Hawk and Ticonderoga began hitting the usual railyards and petroleum dumps while U.S. Air Force fighterbombers based in Thailand got ready for what Flight Leader Captain Charles G. Murphy described as "the mission I'd been waiting for, the granddaddy of them all," Coincidentally,

finally made official and public what everyone has known all along: 55% of all U.S. bombing of the North originates from the four U.S. airbases leased from the Thais, where the bulk of the 35,000 LLS, nersonnel in Thailand are stationed.

Scrambling from Korat, Takhli and Ubon bases in Thailand, 56 Air Force F-105 Thunderchiefs and F-4C Phantoms headed for a mid-air refueling rendezvous with their KC-135 tankers. then zeroed in on the giant steelworks. Despite "extremely heavy" flak and ground fire that brought down one F-105 (the 480th plane lost over North Viet Nam in the air war), the U.S. iets unloaded more than 80 tons of bombs, mostly 750-pounders, on the target. Smoke billowed 5,000 ft, into the air, preventing a damage assessment. Next day the planes went back to Thai Nguyen again, with a second 80 tons of high explosives. At about the same time, carrier-based bombers hit a surface-to-air missile storage base, a power plant and an ammunition depot near Hanoi and Haiphong.

Shrinking Sonetuories. No Miss showed up over Thai Nguyen, but as the first day's mission was returning to Thai-land. Captain Max C. Brestel became locked in what he called 'an old-fash-ioned dogffiel' with four MiG-17s. Bresoned dogffiel' with four MiG-17s. Bresoned dogffiel' of the order of the mission of the mission

MIG nailed since January The bombing of Thai Nguyen was the second major increase in the cost of aggression for Hanoi in two weeks, following the decision to mine North Vietnamese rivers and bombard the Red homeland from naval guns at sea and long-range artillery firing across the border (TIME, March 10). It was by far the most serious warning yet administered to Ho Chi Minh that American restraint has its limits. Unless Hanoi's supply and infiltration of South Viet Nam slows, its sanctuaries are likely to continue to shrink and the roster of fresh targets to grow ever longer.

N NORTH Hanoi Hon Gai Tonkin RESTRICTED AREAS Along Red China border Population centers MIG bases THAILAND AREAS Supply SAM sites roads Railroads Radar sites Water Supplies, an

oil, military & staging areas

100 mi. TIME Map by J. Do

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Hero

SOUTH

VIET NAM

The greatest Communist folk hero to emerge from the Viet Nam war is a skinny teen-ager named Nguyen Van Be, who left his home in the Mekong Delta to join the Viet Cong. Van Be's story throughout North Vet Nam and among the Viet Cong. Prompted by Hanoi's radio and newspapers, North Vietnamese schooledhiden compare his pricture, taken when he swa a guerrilla, has become a pinup among the Viet Cong, who name squads after him and

hold periods of silent meditation to gain strength from his example. The Viet Cong have awarded him a roosthumosidecoration for "indomitable loyalty resoluteness and sublime bravery." and declared that he "has shaken an entire region of the country and terrorized the enemies. Earlier this year. his deeds were celebrated at a gathering in Hanoi of an organization called. Anti-U.S. National Salvation Heroes and Emulation Comptents Congress."

Just what were the deeds that have made Nguyen Van Be such a hero? As the Communists tell it, he was crossing a canal in the upper delta one day last May in a sampan, together with eleven Viet Cong companions and a heavy load of ammunition, when the sampan was attacked by a squadron of U.S. and South Vietnamese amphibious armored carriers. Nguyen Van Be fought off the attackers for 30 minutes with his rifle and was taken prisoner. "covered with mud and blood," only when his ammunition was gone and his companions were all dead. Pretending cooperation with his captors, he then managed to pick up a 20-lb. Claymore mine. Raising it over his head, he valiantly shouted, "Long live the National Liberation Front!" and dashed it against the armored carrier, killing 69 U.S. and South Vietnamese troops as well as himself

in this heroic story is that Nguyen Van Be is alive and in a South Vietnamese jail. When he was captured ten months ago, he was taken to a jail in the delta town of MT all ho, there were no prisoner-of-war camps in the region at the time). Recently, an alert South Vietnamese policeman noticed the strong resemblance between the jumbo photos

Strong Resemblance. The main flaw

resemblance between the jumbo photos of Be in the Hanoi press and a rather withdrawn Viet Cong prisoner in a corner cell. Astounded to hear of his courageous exploits, Be soon saw the wisdom of his interrogators' assurance that he was valuable to the Viet Cong only as a dead Red, and thus could never a continuous cont

the overloaded sampan had immediateby begun to list and overturned into the water. When one of their number had been killed, the Viet Cong squad jumped out of the sampan and fled to shore. Be also leaped into the water and was trying to hide himself under the surface when a South Vietnamese soldier grabbed him by the hair and pulled him out. He was the only one

Surrounded by the armored carriers,

fire a single shot.

Precious Instant, This week the U.S.

sychological-warfare team—to which Nguyen Van Be is indeed a hero—will begin distributing some 7,000,000 leaflets and 100,000 posters in both South and North Viet Nam showing Nguyen Van Be posing beside Communist news-

taken captive-and he had never got to



NGUYEN VAN BE WITH HIS HANOI EULOGY A better Red when dead.

papers headlining his fletitious martyrdom. More than one-third of the leaflets will be dropped over North Viet Nam, where the government recently erected a statue in downtown Hanoi showing Comrade Be holding his mine overhead at the precious instant of immortality.

INDIA

Victory for Indira

Ever since last month's general elections in which India's ruling Congress Party suffered startling setbacks, the race has been on for the Prime Minister's job. The contestants: Indira Gandhi, who has held the position since the death of Lal Bahadur Shastri 14 months ago, and Morarji Desai, 71, the flinty former Finance Minister who was also Indira's sole rival in the earlier selection. Last week, bowing to pressures for party unity, Desai withdrew from the race. thus virtually assuring Indira's election this week by the Congress Party to a full five-year term as Prime Minister. As a reward, Desai was promised the portfolios of Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister in Indira's new Cabinet. Said Desai: "We must work together as a happy team.

India's problems did not withdraw, though, and Indira has plenty of them. The country faces an acute food shortage that has reduced millions of people to near-starvation level. Hindu holy men are agitating for a nationwide ban on cow slaughter. Indian crowds continue to show a growing propensity toward violence and mayhem. The country's economy is stagnant under layers of bureaucratic government control. Besides all that, Indira will be confronted with an unaccustomed problem: owing to her party's poor performance at the polls, she must not only face a powerful opposition in Parliament, but will also be required to deal with governments in six states, including two of India's most severely drought-stricken, that are ruled by opposition parties.

GREAT BRITAIN

Yes or No for Europe

Red beacons flashing, crash trucks and ambulances waited alongside the runway at London's Heathrow Airport last week as Prime Minister Harold Wilson returned from his sixth and last exploratory mission to the Common Market countries. The pilot of the R.A.F. Comet had heard a suspicious thump as the plane climbed out of Luxembourg's Findel Airport and, fearing a blownout nose tire, had radioed ahead for emergency help. It was not needed. The plane touched down in a perfect landing. with only the adhering feathers of a Luxembourgian Redwing to show for the scare

Popular Decision, Harold Wilson must hope that he can land Britain in the Common Market half so easily. Despite some bumps and thumps from his own Laborite Redwingers and a few Tories. Wilson is preparing to make the attempt, "We must not lose the momentum which has been created," he told Commons after returning from Luxembourg. He promised to make the "momentous decision" to apply for membership by about May 1. The decision will be popular; Britain is remarkably united in favor of entry. A sampling of British manufacturers, for example, showed 91% in favor of joining up. Though Britain's cost of living is likely to rise 4% or more because of the Common Market's higher food cost, the disadvantage will be more than offset by the advantage of access to the larger and more challenging market that Britain's underproductive industries so sorely need.

Wilson claims that he encountered no insurmountable objections during his 33 hours and 15 minutes of discussions with the leaders of the Six. He has helped calm Continental fears about the strength of sterling by paying off his massive loans on schedule. In Luxemburgh even went so far as to pledge that Britain would not ask other Market members to come to the rescue in case of another run on the pound, even though the Common Market treaty pro-

vides for such mutual assistance. Matter of Mood. In his quest for admission, Wilson now knows that he can count on Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg for enthusiastic support, on West Germany for token support. And France? The British believe that Charles de Gaulle might hesitate to alienate the other five by blackballing Britain as he did in 1963, but that he may try to delay its admission. A delaying operation by even so consummate a strategist as De Gaulle cannot last forever. In the long run, the British feel certain of getting in because they believe that the historic trends on the Continent are working in their favor. As they see it, the Market has no choice but to expand into a truly Europeencompassing federation that would be at once economically stronger and politically less exclusive.

RUSSIA

Surprise from the Past

Svetlana Iosifovna Stalina was always the apple of her father's eye-but what an eve it was! Her dad was Iosif Stalin, and Svetlana was among the very few to whom he ever showed any real tenderness. In notes to her, full of fatherly affection, Stalin signed himself "Papochka" (little daddy). Even though he objected to her choice of a husband in 1951, the Soviet dictator staged a \$500,000 czarist-style marriage feast that went on for two weeks, and was kept afloat by gallons of pink Crimean champagne, sweet Armenian brandy and vodka. But, after Stalin died in 1953, Svetlana dropped from sight. Last week she suddenly reappeared. In one of the more spectacular defections of the cold war, she surprised the world by seeking asylum in the West.

Before the week was out, the short, slightly dowdy defector, now 41, had become a major international incident. In Moscow, where Svetlana left a 21year-old son and a 15-year-old daughter. Kremlin officials stewed angrily, kept any mention of the defection out of the official press and radio. In Washington, the State Department was just as embarrassed, fearing that the incident would jeopardize its chances for better relations with Russia and interfere with delicate discussions on Viet Nam and the pending treaties on nuclear proliferation and consular exchange

Some Second Thoughts. The strange saga of Svetlana actually began in December when the Russians gave her permission to fly to New Delhi with the ashes of her late lover Braiesh Singh, a member of a distinguished Indian political family and a Communist who had worked at a Soviet publishing house. In India, Svetlana visited the Singh family, scattered her companion's remains on the waters of the Ganges. Then, one day last week, she quietly slipped into the American embassy and flabbergasted American officials by requesting asylum in the U.S.

Without a word to the world, Svetlana received a U.S. visa and an air ticket. Traveling as "S. Allilueva"—her mother's maiden name-she flew on to Rome, accompanied by Embassy Second Secretary Robert Rayle, Then suddenly the story broke, and reporters and photographers turned out in force. Searching for Svetlana, they staked out the U.S. embassy, the airport, Rome's Cavalieri Hilton Hotel and the home of U.S. Ambassador G. Frederick Reinhardt. But Svetlana was nowhere to be found, and Washington, which was beginning to have second thoughts about the whole affair, was keeping quiet. Finally, to spare the U.S. further embarrassment, Svetlana agreed to go to Switzerland instead and, four days after her Rome arrival, flew on to Geneva. Stalin's daughter, said the Swiss government, "has informed us that she needs a rest, and we have given her a tourist visa for a limited period, with the stipulation that she must be ready to move at any time," Move where? To the U.S.? Back to Italy? No one was saying. Once again Svetlana had slipped into

A Light on History. As the person closest to Stalin during much of his brutal, 30-year reign, Svetlana could well shed much light on shrouded facets of Soviet political history. She was just a young girl when Stalin launched his bitter purge of the 1930s. Even after Stalin's death she was close to the men who ran the Kremlin-until the mid-1950s, when Khrushchev suddenly launched his destalinization program. It was possibly the Soviet's destalinization, in fact, that prompted Svetlana to defect. No one, of course, could be sure. Like almost everything connected with the Stalin name, her defection remained a great mystery.

Lifted Sentence

Svetlana Stalina was not alone last week in winning her freedom from Russia. A Soviet appeals court lifted the three-year labor-camp sentence posed last December on Buel Ray Wortham, 25, of Little Rock, Ark., who had been convicted of stealing an antique statue of a bear from a Leningrad hotel and of changing money on the black market (TIME, Dec. 30). In place of the prison sentence, Wortham was ordered to pay a 5,000-ruble (\$5,555) fine. The decision came after a plea by a group of Little Rock townfolk, who had promised to pay whatever fine the court levied.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Lost Revolution

No nation had suffered more terribly than Czarist Russia as World War I entered its third year in 1917. It was not only the estimated 6,000,000 Russian dead and wounded in the trenches. At home, the winter had been cruelly severe even by Siberian standards. Russia's rickety railroads were no longer able to funnel sufficient food into the cities, and bread lines in the capital of Petrograd (now Leningrad) grew longer each day. The orgies and intrigues of the Czarina's mad mystic Rasputin had riven Nicholas II's court. It was in this chill ambiance of discontent and deprivation that, 50 years ago this week, a revolution that began almost casually in Petrograd swept out the Czar and changed the course of Russian and modern history.

To historians it is known as the February Revolution.9 Unlike the October Revolution that followed it and installed Lenin and Communism in power, the February Revolution was unplanned and unplotted. In a nation teeming with would-be revolutionaries, the uprising was a total-and embarrassing-surprise. Lenin himself was in Zurich, and only two months previously had mournfully predicted that his generation would not live long enough to see the Czar overthrown, so distant seemed the prospect, "Who led the revolution?" Socialist Leon Trotsky later asked. He answered himself ruefully: "Nobody. It happened of itself

"Give Us Bread!" The first sign of spontaneous combustion occurred when workers in Petrograd's giant steelworks demanded a 50% wage increase. They were turned down and promptly went on strike: 40,000 of them fanned out through the city urging other workers

* Czarist Russia then kept time by the Julian calendar, which ran 13 days behind the Gregorian calendar used elsewhere in the West. The Communists soon got in step, and thus now celebrate their own October Revolution

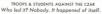


SVETLANA & "PAPOCHKA" STALIN (CIRCA 1940) From ashes to asylum.











KERENSKY IN 1017



KERENSKY TODAY

to strike as well. Thousands of women were demonstrating outside the empty food stores, wailing "Khleba!" (Give us bread!) Each day the number of people milling through the streets increased until, active or acquiescent, nearly the whole population was involved. Cossacks and police blossomed on bridges and corners to keep order, but they were hardly needed. The crowds were peaceable, almost festive.

Then matters soured. Sporadic shooting began, killing 200 people in one day. The army was ordered to crack down; instead, the Paylovsky regiment of guards in the city refused to fire on the crowds, mutinied, and was joined next day by the Volynsky regiment. That night Czar Nicholas, who was away at his military headquarters, cabled back an order to the city's military authorities to dissolve the Duma, the elected parliament that he had created. The leaders of the Duma, among them a fiery lawver and orator named Alexander Kerensky, defied the Czar and sat down to form a coalition provisional committee to take charge. The garrison of Petrograd backed up the Duma, and it was the commander of Petrograd with the support of all the other army commanders, who sent word to the Czar demanding that he abdicate. Surprisingly, the Czar meekly obeyed.

Vacuum of Power, Thus, virtually without bloodshed, nearly 400 years of czardom was swept away in a stroke. But creating from scratch a new government able to rule the vast reaches of Russia proved far more difficult. The Duma committee had included every shade of political color, from socialists to disaffected aristocracy. To head the first provisional government that followed, Prince Lvov, a liberal nobleman, was chosen. The Bolsheviks soon withdrew their tacit support from this "bourgeois" government, and Lenin hurried back to Petrograd to organize his attack. By July 2 he had mounted a sufficiently impressive uprising of sailors and workers to cow Prince Lvov

into resigning. Alexander Kerensky took over and began a race against time and Lenin's Bolsheviks-a race to establish democracy in Russia. A bill of broad political and civil rights was promulgated, religious freedom established, the then radical notion of an eight-hour working day instituted, and plans drawn up for land reform, the most pressing problem of all, Kerensky, who quickly became a national hero, pinned his hopes on elections for a constituent assembly. But his government was torn between those who wanted to opt out of the war and those who felt that Russia's obligations to the Allies should be honored. Hardly anyone experienced in government existed, and all the prerevolutionary problems remained and multiplied. Above all, Russia still carried the serf's burden of its long, dismal past. Oppressed and kept muzzled for centuries, the Russian people, suddenly and unexpectedly liberated, asked too much of the government that they felt was their own

All these factors combined to create an uncertainty, a vacuum of aggressive power, that Lenin's hard-eyed coalition of workers and soldiers could exploit. Backed by Trotsky and the vouthful Iosif Stalin, Lenin late in October sent his armed Bolsheviks to take over all the main government buildings in Petrograd. Kerensky's government was besieged in the Winter Palace. When it refused to surrender, the cruiser Aurora fired a warning blank, the palace was stormed, and the Cabinet arrested -save for Kerensky, who managed to escape. The coup d'état was complete in Petrograd; democracy in Russia had

Freedom to Destroy. The Bolsheviks at first tried to provide a façade of popular approval for their takeover. Certain that they would triumph, they permitted Kerensky's elections for a Constituent Assembly to be held. To their

chagrin, they got only 175 seats out of 707. The delegates* had met for only 17 hours when Lenin ordered his soldiers to disband the Assembly forever. What Kerensky and the provisional governments' other well-meaning democrats had accomplished in eight months was little more than to provide Lenin with sufficient freedom to destroy them. Kerensky himself went into exile and lives today in New York City, aged 86. He is a humane and civilized monument to what Russia might have been if only the revolution that no one made could have been mastered.

EASTERN EUROPE

Author! Author!

For Eastern Europe's nervous stable of writers, finding an outlet offers a far greater challenge than finding a theme. Tons of newsprint flow from publishing houses weekly, saturating stores with technical books, biographies of Communist leaders and heroic novels of the Tractor School, But most other works gather dust on censors' desks, forcing many writers to resort to the dangerous system of publishing under a pseudonym in the West

Last week a significant crack occurred in that system with the German-language publication in the West of The Taste of Power, by the Slovak writer Ladislav Mňačko. Although his book has not been published in Czechoslovakia. Mňačko, 47, made no attempt to crawl under cover. Setting a precedent for a 'protest" novel, he dealt personally with Austrian Publisher Fritz Molden, expects

* Among them was TIME Contributing Editor Mark Vishniak, then a Social Revolutionsembly, was elected its secretary. The author desk for many years, now advises it from his book to appear before long throughout Europe and in the U.S.

The Taste of Power traces a Communist tough's devious path to a cell at the top, first as a hard-drinking guerrilla fighter, then as a brutal apparatchik, Mňačko weaves a picture of a pathetic, subhuman instrument of an inhuman system that ultimately traps and isolates him. Unlike some Communist contemporaries who view their success from prison, Mňačko still haunts the Olympia Grill, his favorite bar in Prague, where he is treated like a local hero. "All of the incidents in the book are true," he said last week, "We thought we could handle power better than the people we took it from, but we were mistaken. I do not condemn one man alone. I condemn the system that produced this man. My book is an argument against the bankruptcy of our system."
In his book, he adds: "They [the Communist leadership! are all fat-a custommade fat. They were tough when the olution got rotund, they grew with it."

Torture & Bankruptey. While still area, this strain of protest against a regime is being heard more often throughout Eastern Europe, In Hungary, a recent short novel described be torture agree an insider's look at the hobble vita of Communist fat casts in the early 1990s. There is also a Hungarian version of Cuchen in the Rye, in which the interest of the control of the Rye of the Carlot should be a fairly than the Americans announce the launching of a rocket a month before and the Rus-

rocket a month before and the Russians only when it's in orbit."

The same voice of protest is speaking

in Rumania, where Transylvaniaa-born Dumitru Radu Popescu relived a teenager's view of the smooth transition from fascism to Communism in his haunting short story, The Blue Lion. To escape the heavy hand of the censor, Polish writers such as Zbigniew Zaluski have resorted to 19th century allegories that discuss in grave detail the positive qualities of Polish uprisings against the Russians 100 years ago-a theme with sledgehammer relevance in Poland today. The Eastern Europeans are also encouraged by the occasional sounds of independence they hear from Moscow, where Aleksandr Tvardovsky, the editor of the literary weekly Novy Mir. last week threw out a defiant challenge to the regime, "We will listen to criticism." he said, "only when it is worth the great traditions of Russian realism.

Black Humor & Dadoism. The literary pulse in Eastern Europe varies wildly from country to country, but the cracking of Communist theories and alliances has produced more relaxation almost everywhere. Instead of hacking about the glorious revolution, writers are turning to subjects that range from black humor to dadaism—and the regimes are

Sinyavsky and Daniel in the U.S.S.R., Mihajlov in Yugoslavia, Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski in Poland.



MNACKO'S "THE TASTE OF POWER" Fat—a custom-made fat.

increasingly helpless to stop the flow. For anyone who doubts the trend, the Czechosłovak Communist Writers' Union weekly *Litecarini Noviny* (Literary News) last week completed the final installment of an eleven-part series. Is title: "God Is Not Completely Dead."

FRANCE

One for De Gaulle In perhaps the most crucial test in the eight-year history of Charles de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, Gaullism was victorious last week, clearly leading the field in the national elections. In this week's runoff elections for the 404 seats for which no one had won a majority in the first round of balloting, the question was merely how large a majority the Gaullists would have in the new National Assembly. That depended on how badly they scared the voters with warnings about the Communists, who had not only retained their position as France's second largest party but also picked up 1,000,000 new votes.

The Gaullists took to state-owned television to rally as many voters as possible to their side by painting the entire left of center a bright Red. "All those responsible for our misformers, for our weaknesses are still here," said Premier Georges Pompidou. France must say no to the Communist Party. Then for long years the future will be assured." De Gaulle himself said: "What is at stake is the republic and liberty."

De Gaulle has largely himself to blame for the Communist resurgence; his fervent courting of Communist countries and his criticism of U.S. policies have given a new respectability to France's Communists. To that they added new power by forming an electoral pact with François Mitterrant's Federation of Democratic Socialists, the Hird Iargest party. Under the pact, the candidate, either Communist or Socialist, who had more votes in the first election or stood the better chance of beating the Caullist man became the candidate of both leftist parties in the runoff. Accordingly, the Communists withdrew their candidates in 159 districts, while Mitterrand's people withties, while Mitterrand's people withserver people withties, while Mitterrand's people withties, while Mitterrand's people withties, while Mitterrand's people withwhile Mit

Together Again

Their Left Bank apartment was the living room of the Lost Generation. Through it passed every star in the artistic firmament between the two World Wars-Hemingway and Fitzgerald, Pi-casso and Matisse, T. S. Eliot and Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford and Carl Van Vechten. Three generations of young writers came for guidance to the Paris salon of Gertrude Stein and her lifelong companion, Alice B. Toklas. Novelists, composers, poets, painters and playwrights sipped the fragrant col-orless liqueurs of the two U.S.-born hostesses (which they made themselves from plums and raspberries), dined on such Toklas specialties as Bass for Picasso and argued for hours over cubism, symbolism and the other innovations of the day

The artists came and went, but the two women remained inseparable. Let Miss Stein's mannish and serene face appear at a cafe, and there beside her Toklas, with her large, clarring eyes and determined mouth. The relationship between the two women lasted for more than 39 years, until Miss Stein succumbed to cancer in 1946. Last week, friend, death came in Paris to Alice Triend, death came in Paris to Alice

Boyd Toklas, 89.

A Golden Glint, Like Miss Stein, Alice Toklas came from a Jewish background and moved in a wealthy orbit in San Francisco. She considered a career as a concert pianist. Then, at the age of 30, she first laid eyes on Gertrude Stein in Paris. "She was a golden-brown presence," Alice wrote later, "burned by the Tuscan sun and with a golden glint in her warm brown hair." Together they soon set up house on the Rue de Fleurus. While Gertrude labored over her hypnotic experiments with wordsthe most famous being "Rose is a rose is a rose"-Alice served as cook, gardener and faithful companion. At night she Picasso, or gossiped with the wives and mistresses of the great and near-great

One of Gertrude Stein's most widely read works was The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, which is really about Gertrude and their famous circle as seen through Alice's eyes. Prankishly, the final page explains that Gertrude wrote

Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now? We suspect you know the answer

to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not for a "regular fellow."

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair —bankers, farmers, longshoremen, teachers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

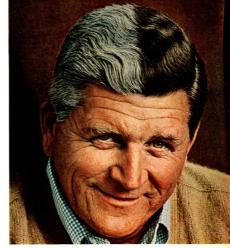
They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time.

GREAT DAY* For Men

Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men-a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day. With Great Day you can do a little or a lot. You can handle your gray-hair problem in the way that's most comfortable for you. By varying the application time, you can take out just a little of the grav. Or slowly evolve to a full, rich, naturallooking color over a period of time. Or you can take the plunge all at onceand make the complete change in one sitting. You can do it in the privacy of your own bathroom, or in any good barbershop. Without any of the worries.

We Give It To You Straight

Great Day works like a shampoo. Once every two weeks or so (depending on how fast your hair grows), you pour it on—straight from the bottle. (No mixing needed.) Lather it in, let it sit, rinse it off. No complications.



Nobody Notices

Great Day doesn't change your natural hair color. It only works on the gray. The change is subtle. Amazingly, even though you're very conscious of what you've done, experience has



shown that most people don't even notice the difference in color. Only the effect. "Say, Charley, you look great. Did you lose weight or something?"

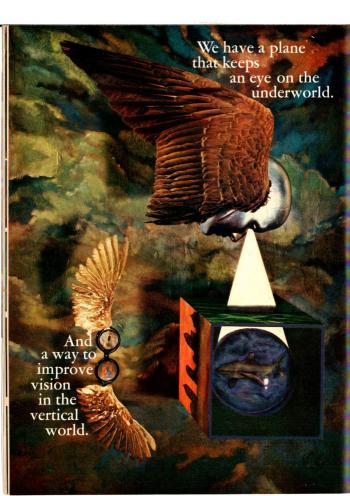
Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. It doesn't harm your hair in any way. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind that extra benefit.) Muster up your courage a little—

and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.

*TM ©1967, Clairol Inc.



Lockheed builds an airplane that's rated number one at one of the rougher jobs in the naval service: the sub hunting P-3 Orion. Armed with the latest electronic "eyes and ears" to ferret out alien undersea craft, and armed to do more than hunt if it has to, Orions right now are daily scouring more than a million square miles of the world's water.

Lockheed electronic engineers are also working on solutions to problems in the vertical world—to give eyes for all weather operations in the up, down, all around demands of vertical flight. Already in test flight is a rotor radar to let helicopters "see" in any weather. The antenna is designed to fit inside the rotor blade.

From that same vertical world...Lockheed is building an airborne weapons system designed from the start to meet the Army's armed helicopter requirement —a compound aircraft employing a new kind of rotor system Lockheed pioneered. Also under study is a practical vertical takeoff and landing aircraft expected to lead to the air bus of the future, helping to relieve traffic congestion in the cities.

Coming up with products that do things better, or do things that have never been done before, is a large part of what Lockheed is all about in the second half of the 20th Century. Lockheed is working on computerized information systems for business, hospitals, blood banks, and government; the giant C-5A—the largest plane in the world; and a new ocean submersible that will literally help man to reach a new low... and operate there.

Tomorrow, reaching down as well as up—into this world as well as out of it— Lockheed's name will continue to appear and reappear on the new and the better yet to come.







the autobiography because Alice was too busy to do it herself. Was Alice then a mere alter ego to Stein? Hemingway implied that Toklas at times hennecked Stein, described her in The Moveable Feast as a "frightening" person who on one occasion said things to Stein that were "too bad to hear"; Alice cordially hated him in return, Actually, as Thornton Wilder tells it, "Alice was merely the dragon protecting the treasure." She had enough intuition to recognize Gertrude Stein's talent and made a life work out of nourishing it. She was not just a factotum for Gertrude. She frequently made changes in Stein's writings, and her brevity and staccato conversation were an important counterweight to Stein's discursive, convoluted style

Hashish Fudge. Only after Gertrude died did Alice become an author herself. Besides two charming cookbooks, which give recipes for such puckish delicacies as Hashish Fudge ("Two pieces are quite sufficient"), she wrote her own account of the Stein salon in What Is Remembered. In it she recalls Stein's deathbed scene: "I sat next to her, and she said to me early in the afternoon, 'What is the answer?' I was silent. 'In that case,' she said, 'what is the question?" The years after Stein's death were empty ones. With money short, Alice was forced to sell Picasso drawings that Gertrude had willed her. She became embroiled with Stein's relatives in a court battle over the rights to 28 Picasso paintings in the collection that Stein had left her in trust. The fabulous collection from the age of cubism, which was consigned to a bank vault, will now go to Stein's relatives.

Alice Toklas became a Roman Catholic, anxiously inquiring of her priest



STEIN & TOKLAS IN NEW YORK (1934) Counterpoint in needlepoint.



KIESINGER & BRANDT TOASTING No longer abominable no-men.

whether "this will allow me to see Gertrude when I die." She lived alone in an apartment in her remaining years, bedriden and arthrific, having daily ceated that the maid Yacirta. At trude in Paris' famed Pere Lachaise Cemetery, where also lie such luminaries as Molière, Proust, Chopin and Delacroix.

WEST GERMANY

The First 100 Days

When pollsters asked West Germans last August if they knew who Kurt Georg Kiesinger was, fully 45% said: Sorry, never heard of the fellow. Last week, 100 days after Kiesinger became Chancellor, the polls showed not only that 96% of all West Germans know their man, but also that 60% think he is doing a good job and only 6% criticize his work. The new fame of Baden-Württemberg's former minister-president is by no means undeserved. Since he put together the unprecedented black-red coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats. Kiesinger has brought to Europe's most populous (59 million) and economically powerful country a new direction at home and a fresh and assertive voice in world affairs.

West Germany is no longer an acquiescent partner of the U.S., nor the abominable no-man of East-West relations. Under Kiesinger, it is an increasself-confident nation that is searching for solutions to cold war problems on its own and putting its economic house in order without whining for U.S. help. Its attitudes, however bothersome they may occasionally be to the U.S., are a refreshing change from the search for reassurance that marked the West Germany of Ludwig Erhard. U.S. diplomats, in fact, are not unhappy at accepting a bit of independence and even some nose-tweaking-as when Kiesinger last week accused the U.S. and the Soviet Union of "complicity" in the nuclear nonproliferation treaty-in return for a more selfassured German government.

Eastward Initiatives, Kiesinger's first aim when he took office last December was to balance the budget, whose looming \$1.2 billion deficit had caused Erhard's Cabinet to break up. With some sleight of hand, he did so, and he managed to put some steam back into the lagging economy by speeding up federal spending. He also struck at the root cause of Erhard's financial distress: the billion-dollar offset payments that Bonn makes yearly to support U.S. and British forces in Germany. Contending that Bonn no longer had the financial health to afford such large payments, Kiesinger stuck to his position until the U.S. last week suggested a new, less painful monetary scheme under which Bonn may buy Treasury bonds to offset the outflow of dollars from the U.S. Softly underlining his determination to be his own master, Kiesinger made his first state visit to Paris. But he will probably go to Washington in June before his second scheduled meeting with Charles de Gaulle.

Kiesinger's boldest initiatives by far have been made toward the Soviet bloc. Adenauer and Erhard cold-shouldered East Germany and anyone who had anything to do with it. But Kiesinger, influenced by his Socialist Foreign Minister, Willy Brandt, and by All-German Affairs Minister Herbert Wehner, has offered a policy of friendship to the Eastern countries, including East Germany, in hopes of creating the relaxed atmosphere in which German reunification might eventually be permitted. Unfortunately, Poland and Russia are so alarmed by this initiative that they have become even more hostile than usual. The Russians have started a new propaganda campaign in the East bloc that paints West Germany as the haven of unrepentant Nazis, who lust for nuclear weapons and a chance to use them to regain lost land in Poland and Czechoslovakia. Said Kiesinger last week: "I address a modest suggestion to Moscow: Let us stop scolding and accusing each other."

Until 1973? The Grand Coalition thus has had its measure of trouble as well as success. Still, on balance, it has

Just you, an old piazza and the friendliest of people.



so far been good for Germany. In fact, Germans by and large are so pleased with having a government that governs effectively that there is some talk among the moderates in both parties about not dissolving the coalition in 1969 as originally planned but continuing it un-

ARGENTINA

End of a Truce

Only one force in Argentina rivals the power of the military: the 2,500,-000-member General Labor Confederation. Through its strikes, demonstrations and exorbitant pay demands, the confederation has triggered the overthrow of three of the country's last six Presidents, Last week, for a change, Argentina's polo-playing Strongman Juan Carlos Onganía suddenly made things hot for the confederation. In rapid succession, he temporarily dissolved the country's six largest labor unions, representing more than 625,000 workers. froze the bank accounts of 100 union leaders, and enacted a new law empowering the government to draft any male or female over 14 years into a "civilian defense corps." The law thus puts every union troublemaker within quick, easy reach.

The crackdown ended-once and for all-the delicate truce organized by Onganía and the unions shortly after he seized power in a coup last year. Under the truce. Ongania had promised that the government would keep out of the unions if the unions kept out of politics. Onganía also promised to hold down the country's soaring cost of living (up 30% in 1966) and to impose some belt tightening and other much needed reforms on the country. To give his program some grandeur, he even borrowed Charles de Gaulle's slogan: "Vérité et sévérité." "I demand truth and austerity," said Onganía. "We need austerity everywhere.

Brought to Heel. In the end, that included the unions. The government ordered stiff new work rules for Argentine port workers, whose strikes and "holidays" idled the docks for more than 150 days last year. A few weeks ago, the government began a similar cleanup of Argentina's government-owned railroads, which are losing \$1,000,000 a day. When labor leaders decided that enough was enough and called for strikes and protest demonstrations. Onganía's government barred street rallies by the unions, broke off all dialogue with the confederation and ordered state-owned broadcasting sta-

Fortunately for Onganía, the showdown caught the unions at a moment when they were embroiled in a bitter internal power struggle. As a result, the first 24-hour strike fizzled and, in the face of Onganía's determination, labor leaders last week knuckled under and called off a planned series of strikes. With labor brought to heel, at least temporarily, Onganía's government pressed ahead with its austerity program. Though keeping a tight lid on wages, the government announced a 100% hike in postal and telegraph rates, a 23% increase in water and gas rates and a stiff new tax reform that raises many taxes, adds some new ones and provides penalties of up to 500% for tardy payers. To add insult to injury, Ongania showed that he was not in the least fearful of the unions. As his government moved firmly against labor, he hopped into his light blue



ONGANÍA AT POLO Something borrowed, something new.

Avro jetprop early in the week and took off on a six-day visit to Argentina's remote, southern region of Patagonia, "I have no other solution for the country, he shrugs, "but to be unpopular."

THE SUDAN

A Tolerant Young Man

Free beer for many voters smoothed the way last week as the southern regions of the Sudan went to the polls. Arbitrarily assigned symbols to represent their candidacies because of the south's almost universal illiteracy, candidates beamed if they had drawn such favorable ones as an elephant or a cow. mouned if they had been assigned a picture of a bottle, which could offend Moslem tectotalers, or a disembodied human leg, which has connotations of cannibalism. In a few districts, no one was bold enough to present himself as a candidate: in almost all, dire threats were made against those who voted. For months, the south has been torn by a Mau Mau-like revolt among its 4,000,000 black tribesmen, who fear political domination by the 9,000,000 people of the mostly Arab and Mos-

lem north. Scholar & Snake, The election made good the promise of Prime Minister Sadik el Mahdi, 31, who has called for a national reconciliation with the deceptively simple slogan: "Pacification with persuasion." A mild Oxford scholar, Sadik last July replaced Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub, who chose to discourage the rebellious Anya Nya (named for the poison of the black Mamba snake) with retaliatory raids on southern villages. Instead, Sadik established "peace villages" where tribesmen intimidated by the Anya Nya could live under the protection of his troops. In quiet, unemotional tones, the world's second voungest head of government (Burundi's Michel Micombero is only 26) convinced the bush chieftains of his tolerant outlook. He also promised to hold elections in the southern districts now unrepresented in the 233-member Constituent Assembly, which is charged with framing the Sudan's first permanent constitution

The rebels are fighting for full independence from the north. Northern Moslems are dark-skinned people who are either nomadic or live in mud-brick houses and work on plantations, growing the cotton that is the Sudan's only big cash earner abroad. In contrast, the flat-nosed blacks in the south live in thatched huts in the rain forests and on the savannas, are largely tied to a subsistence agriculture. Many of the tribesmen living in the south are converted Christians who feel that the regime tries to make them bow to the will-and many of the religion-centered customs

-of the Moslem majority.

Uncle v. Nephew. Though he is a great-grandson of the Mahdi whose howling hordes overran General "Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum in 1885, Sadik has shown himself to be a man of tolerance. In 1965 he worked closely with Mahgoub in banning the Communist Party because a Sudanese Communist had made a slanderous remark about the wife of the Prophet Mohammed. But within his own Umma Party, the young Mahdi speaks for religious toleration for the south. His chief rival within the Umma is his uncle, Imam Hadi el Mahdi, 47, who advocates a tougher policy toward the rebels and, Sadik believes, wants to establish a Moslem theocracy throughout the Sudan.

"My uncle doesn't seem to realize that the 20th century is upon us," says Sadik. "The country simply must shape itself to the demands of the modern world or we will be bypassed and become a stagnant, reactionary backwater." The successful conclusion of the elections in the south will be the first step. If Sadik's 13,000-man occupation army can silence the Anya Nya during the balloting, which is expected to take three weeks to allow everyone time to get in from the bush, Sadik should score a critical victory for unity: his Umma supporters hope to win as many as 20 of the 34 contested seats.

WHAT GIVES TAREYTON THE TASTE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?



The charcoal tip. It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So join the Unswitchables. Smoke Tareyton.





PEOPLE

Monaco's legal wheels spun for more than a year, and at last His Serene Highness Prince Rainier, 43, came up a winner. Monaco's Supreme Court decided that the Prince's government was perfectly within its rights when it issued itself 600,000 new shares of stock in the Société des Bains de Mer, thus guaranteeing control of the outfit that runs the famed Monte Carlo Casino and 33% of the principality's real estate. The big loser: Greek Shipping Magnate Aristotle Onassis, 60, who hitherto controlled the Société with 500,000 shares. his shares to Rainier, who is bound by law to buy them. If Onassis does sell out, the Prince will have the problem of raising some \$10 million to cash in his ex-partner's chips.

An organizer for the benefit observed philosophically: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." On the debit side were Lynda Bird Johnson and Actor George Hamilton, who couldn't make it to Manhattan for the U.S. première of the Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton version of The Taming of the Shrew. Among the credits were Bobby Kennedy and his sister Pat Lawford, joining a glittering list of 500 who paid \$100 each to help the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Facially Disfigured. But it was the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who drew shricks from the people watchers outside the theater. Resplendent in a blue-and-pink Givenchy gown, the duchess turned and waved. The duke, after blowing some



DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR Brighter than Kennedys.

stogic smoke at photographers, went to shake hands enthusiastically with fans in the crowd.

Cornell University's West Sibley Hall had a jewel of a janitor-for a couple of hours, anyway, as Historian Clinton Rossiter, 49, scrabbled around with bucket and scrub brush. Rossiter doesn't think the hired help who are supposed to clean up the 100-year-old home of the government and history departments have been paying attention to his office. "The janitors have no time to clean up here." Rossiter announced, as he staged a protest "scrub-in" with six of his students and three other professors. "They're too busy watering the potted palms over at the Business School. I think this whole situation reflects the



CLINTON ROSSITER
Cleaner than sciences.

priorities of this campus. The sciences must work in antiseptic surroundings, but the humanities can live in dirt."

This time of year thou mayest in Casey Stengel behold a lot of the old juice. As he has for the past 52 years, "the perfessor," 75, arrived for spring training, flying to the New York Mets camp at St. Petersburg, Fla., where he started a verbal pepper game with the press. Though he retired as Mets manager in 1965, Case still works as their West Coast scout, and after looking over the lads, he announced: "The fumy Davis, acquired from the Los Angeles Dodgers: "I saw Davis play and he didn't limp like I do." That's encouraging. On another Dodger Davis, Willie who became a World Series anti-hero last fall with his three spectacular errors against the Orioles. Casey observed: "He drops fly balls sometimes, and at a bad time of the year."



PATRICIA NEAL Better than bridge.

"I feel so much better now," she said. "For a year and a half I did not feel like living. Last November I started to live again. Now I like living." The miracle, of course, was that Actress Patricia Neal, 41, was alive at all, after the three massive strokes that left her paralyzed and speechless two years ago. She feels so much better that this summer she will star in a movie version of Broadway's The Subject Was Roses, In Manhattan to deliver a speech for the benefit of the New York Association for Brain-Injured Children, Pat told a press conference that her husband. Writer Roald Dahl, wanted her to resume her career. "He's making me do it," she explained. "He thinks I'm playing too much bridge."

Tugging open all those empty refrigerators for Westinghouse hardly gave her a meat-and-potatoes background for her new job. Indeed, onetime TV Pitchgirl Betty Furness, 51, was as surson appointed her his \$26,000-a-year Special Assistant on Consumer Affairs. replacing Mrs. Esther Peterson, who returns to full-time duties as Assistant Secretary of Labor. Betty got interested in politics while doing commercials at L.B.J. in 1964, lately has been recruiting for Project Head Start and VISTA. Becoming the consumer's guardian angel is "going to be very largely on-thejob training as far as I am concerned." she admitted, as she started doing her in 15 years. Then she wryly reported her research to a women's club in Royal Oak, Mich. "Eggs," she confided, "are 59¢ a dozen."

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING The Challenge of Winter

Climbers have been scaling Mount McKinley ever since 1913, but North America's tallest peak is still one of the most forbidding mountains in the world From the floor of the Susitna River valley, 1,500 ft. above sea level, the mountain sweeps to 20,320 ft. above central Alaska in a single cascade of rock and ice. In summer, McKinley is merely inhospitable; in winter, it is deadly. For one thing, it is among the coldest places on earth. Actual temperatures range to as low as -100°. Until Feb. 28, no one had climbed Mount McKinley in the wintertime. The men who did it finally made their way back to civilization last week. If what they went through is taken as a warning, no one is likely to try again.

The ordeal began on Jan. 30, when a party of eight climbers headed by Colorado's Gregg Blomberg, 25, landed by airplane on Kahiltna Glacier, 7,250 ft. up McKinley's west slope. Less than 24 hours later, France's Jacques Batkin, who was bringing supplies to the base camp at 7,600 ft., plunged 50 ft. to his death in a crevasse hidden by snow and ice. Dr. George Wichman, an orthopedic surgeon and amateur mountaineer from Anchorage, Alaska, saw him fall. "One minute Jacques was there." recalls Wichman. "He was hauling his load, chest thrown out, shoulders back. And then he was gone.

Zero Visibility. After laboriously working their way up the mountain, the remaining seven climbers reached the 17,300-ft. level by Feb. 26. One day later, all seven tried a 3,000-ft, dash to

the summit. They were forced back by "white-out"-zero visibility, caused by for against the snow. Next day, three of the party-Art Davidson, Ray Genet and Dave Johnston-struck out again for the top, finally made it at 7 p.m., paused just long enough to bury Batkin's cap and started back down, only to run into a raging storm.

For six days, the three huddled in a trench at 18,200 ft. Their supplies ran out, and only the lucky discovery of a food cache left by summertime climbers saved them. Unaware of the cache. their four companions 900 ft. below gave them up for lost; Blomberg and John Edwards battled their way back to 10,000 ft, and stamped out a message in the snow: WEX6-DON-HELP. An observation plane relayed it to Anchorage. Instantly a massive rescue operation was under way.

Stiff & Frightening, Two Army

"Huey" helicopters flew out of Talkeetna to search for the missing climbers. Up from Seattle to help came half a dozen volunteers, including Jim Whittaker, who in 1963 became the first American to scale Mount Everest. It took rescuers four days to locate the seven climbers. The summit men were picked up by helicopter at 13,350 ft. Blomberg and Edwards got back to the base camp by themselves: Wichman and Shiro Nishimae were located in an igloo at 10,200 ft. They were suffering from nothing more serious than stiff muscles, frostbite and a frightening feeling that they had used up a lot of their luck. What was it like up there? Blurted one of the climbers: "It was blowing like hell. Blowing like hell. Blowing like hell.

to some \$500,000

WINTERTIME ASSAULT ON ALASKA'S MOUNT McKINLEY A small stroke of luck and a case of frostbite.

GOLF

King of the Kelloggs

Professional golf has always had its share of characters-from the likes of Walter ("The Haig") Hagen, who once showed up for a match still wearing his tuxedo of the evening before (and shot a 67), to "Champagne Tony" Lema, who amused himself by hitting practice drives out of open hotel-room windows. Now there is Doug Sanders, 33, current king of the "Kelloggs," or "flakes," as such characters are known today.

From the tip of his razor-cut hair to the toes of his orange (or pink or avocado) patent-leather golf shoes, Sanders is a confirmed, color-coordinated kook. Twice married and twice divorced. he is wildly superstitious, mildy neurotic, engagingly extraverted and outrageously hedonistic. Women? "I'm afraid of dying," he sighs. "That's why I love so hard." Liquor? "I've spilled more," says Sanders, "than Tony Lema swallowed,"

The worst thing about self-indulgence is that it is so expensive. Going into the \$100,000 Doral Open in Miami, Doug had not won a tournament in almost a year, and his 1967 winnings amounted to only \$4,544. So he made a yow: he would not take a drink until he won a tournament or until his birthday on July 24-whichever came first. "It was," he says, "in the nature of a sacrifice." Then he went out with his spraddle-legged, short-backswing "telephone booth" stroke, and won the Doral Open itself, with a nine-under-par 275 for 72 holes, which gave him a onestroke victory and \$20,000.

"I wanted to win," he admitted, "because I wanted a drink." But after a suitable celebration, it was back to orange juice and back to golf: the \$115,000 Citrus Open in Orlando, Fla. "I'm beginning to love that citrus, said Sanders, who took only 25 putts in 18 holes on his first round shot two straight five-under par 66s to take a

two-stroke lead after 36 holes.

FOOTBALL Right Between the Ears

The most important piece of real estate in football, so the old aphorism goes, is the six inches between a quarterback's ears. It can also be the most costly. Last week, in one of the biggest deals in pro football history, the National Football League's floundering New York Giants (1966 record: one win, one tie, twelve losses) took title to an expensive piece of property indeed: Quarterback Francis Tarkenton, 27. late of the Minnesota Vikings. The price included Tarkenton's \$60,000 salary, the Giants' first-round draft choices for both 1967 and 1968, plus their second-round pick this year and another player to be named later. It all adds up

The Giants obviously expect Tarkenton to repair their fortunes both on the field, where they have turned into the



Ralph Delby thinks all home insurance rates are pretty much the same.

Where have we failed, Ralph?

For years we've been telling people that home insurance rates vary substantially among the various insurance companies. And that State Farm gives a lot better deal than most.

eal than most. Same as State Farm does on car insurance. It's made us number one in sales in both.

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A noncowners poncy from state Farm protects against loss by fire, burglary, vandalism, tornadoes, lawsuits—more kinds of bad luck than you'd care to think about. Whether you own or rent, call your nearby State Farm agent about broad, low-cost coverage for your home and belongings.

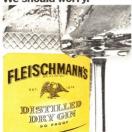
Ask him about State Farm's rates and watch his eyes light up. And hopefully, yours too.

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We've tried all the new gins. Fancy gins. Novelty gins. Imported gins. Costly gins.

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Your family deserves the very best in portable TV...a magnificent new Magnavox with sharper picture, purer sound, greater reliability. Choose from a wide variety of colors and styles, sold direct

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Tubeless TV. Solid-state components replace tubes (main cause of TV failure), banish service problems, assure you lasting reliability. Ranger is one of a large selection.





LEFT: Subarbanite—71 sq. in. screen. Several two-tone colors.

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QUARTERBACK TARKENTON

Winning some is better than winning one, patsies of the N.F.L.'s Eastern Conference, and at the gate, where they have been losing the battle to the A.F.L. All last fall, longtime Giant fans could be found across town at Shea Stadium,

last fall, longtime Giant fans could be found across town at Shea Stadium, watching the New York Jers and their watching the New York Jers and their watching the property of the stade of

On His Knees, A sksyear veteran, Tarkenton was the No. 2 passer in the N.F.L. in 1964, with 171 completions in 306 attempts for 2,506 yds, and 22 touchdowns. Last year, though the Vikings had a poor 4-5) season, he vikings had a poor 4-5) season. In the Vikings to a 20-17 victory over the Green Bay Packers, one of only two games the world champions lost all year. He is known in the trade as a "scrambler," who would just as soon the control of the property of

longer last, a pair of study, stress, to the back, "said Girant's Coach Allie Sherman, "you would order up one like Fran Tarkenton." The one sour note was sounded by Norm's Brocklin. Frank, coach for six years on the Vi-prank, coach for six years on the Vi-prank, coach for six years on the Vi-prank, to the properties of the pair of the pair



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THE PRESS

FDITORS

Last Testament

"I, Henry R. Luce, of New York, New York, declare this to be my last will and testament." As with the will of any successful man, the 22-page document filed in New York County Surrogate's Court last week was complex and lengthened by terms of trusts and the powers of the trustees named to administer them. But the effect of it was to make the Henry Luce Foundation. which was set up in 1936 in honor of Luce's father, Henry Winters Luce, the principal beneficiary of the \$110 million estate. In the past, the foundation has financed student and faculty exchange programs between Far Eastern countries and the U.S., and promoted Christian education and other mission-

Luce left 149,465 shares of Time Inc. common stock, which closed the week at \$108 a share, to the foundation. Another 540,000 shares, owned by a trust created in 1961, were vested in the foundation on Luce's death. Since the foundation already owned 191,029 shares, it will, with a total of 880,494 shares, control 12.7% of the common stock and constitute the largest single voting block. Its members include Luce's two sons, Henry III, who is president, and Peter Paul: Luce's sister. Elisabeth Luce Moore, and her husband Maurice T. Moore, a member of the Time Inc. board of directors and a partner in the Manhattan law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore; and two early associates of Luce's: Roy E. Larsen, chairman of the executive committee of Time Inc.. and Charles L. Stillman, chairman of the finance committee.

In the Public Interest. The will bequeathed 180,000 shares to be held in trust for Luce's wife, Clare Boothe Luce. She also received all of Luce's personal property, as well as their home in Phoenix, a Fifth Avenue apartment in Manhattan, and property in Hawaii. After payment of taxes and other expenses the remainder of the estate consisting mainly of 143,110 shares, is to be held in trust in equal amounts for Luce's two sons. Trustees, in all cases, are Henry III. Luce's brother. Sheldon R. Luce, and Luce's brother-inlaw. Maurice Moore. The trustees are empowered by the will to vote all stock held in trust.

Therefore the provident and chief of the Turst-Litt Fues Bureau in London. Henry III sent a memo to the Time line, staff last week, quoting from his father's will: "Time Ine, is now, and is expected to continue to be, principally a journalistic enterprise and, as such, an enterprise operated in the public iners for their notes of sympathy. "So many of you have told me that he meant more than anyone except your own fathers, or that he was like a father to you, or that in a sense, he was also your father. For the fact that any or many of you did call him your own, I am grateful to you. For the fact that he was like a father to any or many of you. I am grateful to him. The remarkable thing is that he did reach out for so many hearts as well as mine, and, in most casse, entered them."

CRITICS End of One-Man's-Opinion

"The one thing I want to do is break the power of the New York Times drana critic," said the man who was appointed the Times drama critic last week. And that was why Dance Critic Clive Barnes, 39, got the job. Ever since



CLIVE BARNES From ballet to baseball.

the New York Herald Tribune folded last summer, the Times has fretted about the power of its critic to make or break shows. One answer, believes Managing Editor Clifton Daniel, might be to have two theater critics. So, starting next fall, incumbent Critic Walter Kerr. 53, will write a more lessurely Sunday column. Barnes will take over daily reviewing.

Kerr and Barnes should certainly differ, Meticulous and didactic, Kerr writes a tightly organized review, though latethy he has been uncharacteristically diffident and even ambivalent—as if he, too, were rather worried about expressing too firm an opinion of a show. Clive Barnes, on the other hand, is a superenthustastic Englishman who turns out sprawling, efficusive copy with heavy insprawling, efficusive copy with heavy insprawling this control of the copy of the property of the property of the previewing dance halls and discothèques, films and the opening of the Mets. Baseball

players, he concluded, are no match, in grace and strength, for male ballet dancers

Though he once reviewed the London heater for the Daily Express, Barnes resisted taking the Times drama job rad tong time. For one thing, he is degreatest figures in the American theater are George Balanchine and Martha Graham. "Many Broadway plays are simply stage visualizations of TV dramas." he says. "I wonder whether Broadway to common-sheominator tasks" a low-correction of the common stage of the common-sheominator tasks." I wonder the common-sheominator tasks a low-common stage of the common-sheominator tasks."

Barnes finally said yes, partly because he will still be allowed to review the dance—a formidable double assignment for a critic of even Barnes's energy. But he is fast boning up on the U.S. theater and has become reasonably enthusiastic about his new job. "This season has been so bad," he says, "that it can only get better."

MAGAZINES

Black Anti-Semitism

Few people ever heard of Liberator, a monthly magazine aimed at black nationalists, until Writer James Baldwin and Actor Ossie Davis gave it some recent notoriety. Both resigned from the staff with a blast at Editor Daniel Watts. "I think it is immoral," said Baldwin, "to blame Harlem on the Jew." Said.

Davis: "This is where I get off." Ever since it was founded in 1960, Liberator has been building up to anti-Semitism. From white-baiting, it passed to the baiting of moderate Negroes and finally to Jew-baiting. Jewish merchants exploit Hardem Negroes, screams Liberator; Jewish liberals have sold out the civil-rights movement.

Dan Watts, 43, started putting out pamphlets, which later turned into a 35¢ magazine, when he got fired of 35¢ magazine, when he got fired of working as a "Negro architect" with Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, His hatred for whites as well as many of his fellow Negroes is apparently inexhaustible. On the other hand, his love knows no the other hand, his love knows no Malcolm X. Gamal Abbel Nasser, and Adam Clastron Powell.

Whites are to blame for everything, one article solemnily accused the white power structure of keeping Negross from playing quarterback in professional football. No matter that Nebel and the professional football. No matter that Nebel and the professional football. No matter that Nebel and the professional football in the magazine, as black man is not allowed to be in a "leadership position over whites." In another piece, a spokesman for the Revolutionary Action Movement, the group charged with plotting to blow up the Status of the Nebel and Nebel an

Liberator now claims a circulation of 15,000, mostly in Harlem, Its only importance, as far as Negro Psychologist Kenneth Clark is concerned, is that it shows "Negroes are no more immune to racial hatred and anti-Semitism than are whites."

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Real Live Paper Dolls

NEED MERCHANDISE DESPERATELY read the urgent telegram. The West Coast's Joseph Magnin Co, was about to open "News Stand" boutiques carrying paper dresses in its 28 stores; informal sales had proved so successful that the chain was nervously awaiting an onslaught of customers. The same happy nervousness is now sweeping other stores across the nation. Paper clothing, apparently, is here to stay

It was only one year ago that Scott Paper Co. introduced disposable duds as a promotion gimmick with a sleeveless shift selling for \$1. It was so shapeless that it recalled a paper bag; scoffers put it down as just a paper gag. But for a country already accustomed to throwaway cups, plates, napkins and diapers, paper clothing seemed only a logical next step. Scott sold 500,000 dresses in eight months, and the strong response had other manufacturers and designers

joining the paper chase

Kaftans & Kabuki Slippers, The result has been a quick proliferation of styles that already make the original Scott dress seem like the Model T Ford. Mars Manufacturing Co. of Asheville, N.C., is the nation's leading producer of paper dresses, sells 80,000 a week. From its basic A-line shift (\$1.75), the company has expanded its line to include bell-bottom jump suits (\$4), evening gowns (\$5), aprons (\$1.35), and men's vests (\$1,99). Sterling Paper Products aims to gross \$6,000,000 this year from such items as a \$7.50 zebraprint pants suit, a \$15 bridal gown, an \$8 maternity dress and 40¢ children's pinafores-just the thing for eversprouting sprouts.

Elisa Daggs, who creates in paper for 60 department stores, including Bonwit Teller and Lord & Taylor, has designed striped kaftans (\$7) and Kabuki slippers (\$2) as well as specially treated raincoats (\$7.50) and bikinis (\$4) that can be worn in the water, last for two to three wearings. Formfit Rogers has gone into underwear with a \$3 ensemble consisting of bra, pettiskirt and kerchief. Not to be outdone, Hallmark Cards has just marketed a complete paper party kit: a flowerprinted shift with matching cups, plates, place mats, napkins, matches and even invitations. Among other strong sellers are \$9 foil shifts and paint-it-yourself dresses that cost \$2 including the paint.

\$12 Man's Suit. The paper that helps make it all possible is Kimberly-Stevens Kaycel, a tough blend of 93% cellulose and 7% nylon which is fire resistant unless washed. So great has been the demand that the company has had to put all Kaycel customers on rations; since there is not enough to go around, manufacturers are turning to Du Pont's Reemay, a "spunbonded" polyester, and are also using Kendall's Webril, a nonwoven rayon. Kaycel marketing experts calculate current expenditures for disposable goods made from Kaycel and similar materials at \$50 million per year, think the figure could reach \$300 million within five years.

The potential for paper seems almost limitless. West Coast Designer Judith Brewer claims that her Kavcel clothes ance) can be washed and ironed as many as 20 times, looks forward to knit and stretch paper for stockings, lingerie and ski pants. Mars Manufacturing is already testing paper golf slacks and underwear, sees the greatest promise in industrial clothing such as lab coats and coveralls. Inman Cook, who is preparing to open a store called Paper-works in Manhattan, thinks home furnishings are the likeliest area, plans to offer paper curtains, drapes and sheets. Sterling Paper believes in paper resort wear, the idea being that vacationers could buy paper clothes at the hotel when they arrive, throw them away when they depart, thus eliminating packing and carrying heavy luggage. It is also testing a man's \$12 suit.

RECREATION

Ski Bob Bobbing Along

Old-fashioned skiing may still be the best way to whoosh down a snowy slope, but thrill seekers are rapidly inventing new-fashioned ways of descent. Just as snowmobiling has become the latest U.S. fad (TIME, Feb. 17), the sport of ski bobbing has caught on in Europe. Ski bobs range in price from \$100 to \$150, look like small bicycles on skis, weigh about 17 lbs., and can readily be dismantled to fit into car trunks. The tubular metal frame has handle bars connected to a short pivoting ski in front, and a well-padded saddle moored to a longer fixed ski in back. For added balance, ski bobbers wear mini-skis fitted with braking crampons on both feet.

Although the first ski bob was apparently patented in the U.S. in 1892, the sport only recently started flourishing in the resort center of Crans-Montana in the Swiss Alps. When the first handful of ski bobbers showed up there two years ago, they were greeted by derisive laughter; now the resort has three slopes set aside for their use, rents out 600 bobs at \$4 per day. Half a dozen other Alpine resorts, including Davos, Arosa and St. Moritz, are readying skibob slopes for next season, in hopes of attracting an entirely new clientele: people on the far side of 40 who lack the nerve or muscle for skiing.

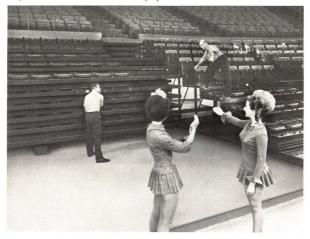
Record 102 M.P.H. Indeed, ease and safety are part of ski bobbing's appeal. Nonskiers can master the sport in a day or two, learning to use their legs as shock absorbers while the bob dances freely beneath them. Since there are four points of contact with the snow, spills happen much less frequently than in skiing, and enthusiasts insist that it is virtually impossible to break a leg, Even when elated beginners go too fast and hit a bump, the worst that usually happens is a harmless wipe-out in soft snow. Not that bobbing is necessarily for

sissies. At last week's Swiss International Grand Prix at Crans-Montana, Austria's Willi Brenter, 24, outbobbed 113 competitors in the three-mile downhill run with a brisk average speed of 46 m.p.h. Brenter's brother Erich holds the world's speed record of 102 m.p.h.,



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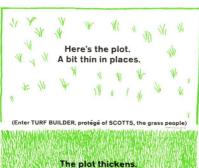
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HONG KONG AIRLINE





UP & OVER THE BUMPS IN CRANS-MONTANA Not necessarily for sissies.

which is only 6 m.p.h. slower than Luigi de Marco's speed record on skis. "It is a calumny to say that only older people are interested in ski bobs," says Erich Brenter. "Ski bobs remove some of the danger of skiing—but none of the thrills."

HAPPENINGS

Easy on the Onion

What is seven feet wide, made out of painted sailcloth, and looks like a giant hamburger with a detachable pickle perched on top? The pop-art an-Claes Oldenburg, When the Art Gallery of Toronto recently bought one for some \$4,000, students at Toronto's Central Technical High School looked at it with a hungry eye. What a hamburger needs, they reasoned, is ketchup. Someone sent out for a bottle of Heinz; in less time than it takes to shake a slurp out of the bottle, students and teachers had built a 9-ft.-tall, 50-lb. exact-scale blowup, painted bright red and labeled "Made from fresh overripe

As an ecstatic Heinz man cheered them on, the students proudly deposited the bottle on the gallery steps. Alas, gallery officials were not amused. Snilfed Curator Brydon Smith: "The Hamburger is a serious work of art, done by an important New York artist. This other thing is a happening." Added Director William Withrow: "The Hamburger makes an extremely important statement about our society." Back to Central Technical High went the bottle (now peeling slightly). Still, the ketchup city's solemn view of "art." Dozens of Torontonians visiting the gallery now ask with relish: "Where can I see the Hamburger?"-and guffaw.



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Fine Art of Grantsmanship

On most U.S. campuses these days, grantsmarship—the fine at rof picking off research funds—is almost as important to professorial prestige as the ability to teach or carry out the research once a grant is landed. The competition is keen and the potential prizes are well worth the effort: the Federal Government of the properties of the present the nation's universities with a \$5 billion bonara in research money.

To be sure, tough screening and accounting procedures help make certain that the bonanza is not a boondoggle; both the givers and the receivers of

of computers to human affairs (at Stanford alone there are seven major projects in computer-assisted teaching). There is always plenty of money available from almost any foundation for cardiac disease and cancer research. Although the social sciences get less than 3% of federal research money, psychological studies are beginning to get more help.

Too often, "scholars go where the money is," says University of Chicago Sociologist Philip Hauser. What this means, explains Theodore Sizer, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, is that "researchers are not asking the right questions—they are taking the questions that are easier to research." the rectal temperature of hibernating bears. A team of engineers at the University of Minnesota got \$250,000 from the Government to devise an ideal "experimental city." The only trouble with this otherwise worthy project: no fulltime social scientist was involved in the study.

No Time to Contemplote. Scholars tend to consider their research a product to be sold to the highest bidder—although trying out the same project on different grant givers must be done with outside their contemplation of the sold of th

is almost a full-time career in itself. "There is a kind of hustle here, like in



"MY PROJECT, BOILED DOWN TO ITS ESSENTIALS, IS SIMPLY THIS, SIR.
I WANT TO DETERMINE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, WHETHER THERE IS ANY
TRUTH IN THE COMMON BELIEF THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS."



"AS LONG AS YOU'RE UP, GET ME A GRANT."

grants rightly insist that money invested in research has paid off a hundredfold in educators are beginning to wonder about the impact of all that easy-come money on the universities, Salary, prestige and promotion depend upon a scholin turn often depends upon his ability to unearth research grants. "You need the federal loot to do the research to do the book to get the loot," says Stephen Trachtenberg, an assistant to U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe. "Research aid comes too easily to the researchers," adds Engineering Science Professor Samuel Silver of Berkeley's Space Sciences Laboratory, "We've come to expect it as our due.

The Golden Touch. The first step in mustering grantsmanship is picking a field that the grant givers consider hot. The developed the golden touch." admits a former Justice Department consultant now on the University of Mississippi faculty. "I can get \$100,000 intgloom—I can get rich fighting poverty." Studies of water and air pollution are also big this year, as is any application

Scholars often frame their grant proposals broadly enough to blanket their real research interests. The sociologist interested in youth gangs, for example, is more likely to get money for a study of silm neighborhoods. Conversely, a biologist who merely wanted to find out whether a high-protein fish louded a grant by emphasizing that he wanted to know if the flour would induce cancer.

Awards for Writing, Writing a proposal is also ant. Some grams, argues Lewis Yablonsky, a sociology professor at California's San Fernando Valley State College, are really awards for excellence in writing. It is "a form of seduction—you must titilate them to give the money," says Barry, Winograd, a grad studen at California of the control was a control of the control of the control was proposed to the control of the control and the control of the control of the control of the same principle pass off, along with a tactful reference to omissions in previous research.

Seductive writing sometimes seems to sell projects whose utility is not easily apparent. The Government gave one school \$50,000 to film the mating dance of the Amazon butterfly, while other researchers received a grant to study the business world," contends John Hodges, a British-born Harvard graduate student in the history of science, "and sometimes intellectual contemplation is fitted in between phone calls to Washington." Harvard Graduate Student Steve Barney claims that grants are used as a homis for the faculty—like an expansion to libraries, despite the availability of microfilmed copies.

Effective grantsmanship feeds on itself. "When you are doing good research, you attract talented people."
says Ohio Researcher John B. Galipault,
"You become known as a swinger, and
good graduate students want to work
for you—then you have to keep them
challenged." Once a school has the manpower and equipment, the next grant
comes easier. "The rich are getting richer and the poor are going nowhere," says
Berkeley's Silver.

If there is any victim in grantsmanship, it is not the Government or the foundations but the undergraduate student. To the professor tied up in the pursuit of research funds, teaching may seem like an unpleasant interruption in his real career. One UCLLA, physicist, for example, contends that "a professor who gets three or four men through to their Ph.D. via research is achieving far more than he can by lecturing to a hundred freshmen all year." The nation's 1.5 million freshmen are not likely to agree-until they, too, some day need a grant.

An Act of Involvement

When successful Ivy League administrators change jobs, they usually move on and up into government or business rather than back down into the world of small liberal arts schools. Last week Harvard College's highly popular Dean John Usher Monro, 54, announced that he will give up his post this summer to become director of freshman studies at Alabama's tiny (1,000 students), all-Negro Miles College (TIME, Nov. 8, 1963). Among his duties will be directing workshops to help prospective students overcome high school deficiencies and revamping the freshman curriculum. "If you do the job right in the freshman year, you put pressure on the whole college," he explains. His successor will be Fred L. Glimp, 41, who has been Harvard dean of admissions since 1960

Monro's new job is in keeping with his longtime interests at Harvard. As director of financial aid there, he actively recruited Negro students in the early '50s, broadened the college's enrollment by promoting more scholarships based on need, organizing parttime student jobs and instituting nointerest loans. Promoted to dean in 1958, Monro was well liked by the students, despite his 1963 public complaint that "wild parties" and "sexual intercourse" were commonplace in the Harvard dorms. He later conceded that he



HARVARD'S MONRO Paying life's dues.

had overstated the problem and allowed that "a degree of companionship is very important in a large impersonal college. Monro also designed Harvard's freshman seminars, served as an effective middle man between students and other top administrators. Modest but outspoken, he upgraded the vaguely defined deanship to make it one of Harvard's most influential offices.

Monro will take an undisclosed cut in salary at Miles, but he insists that he does not consider the shift any kind of personal sacrifice. He has helped advise Miles on its problems since 1963, becoming increasingly involved in its struggles to survive and grow. "By the act of involvement," says Monro, "each individual begins the lifelong process of paying his own dues, being a member in good standing of the society that sustains him.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Price of Mathophobia

Johnny doesn't add very well. According to results of a major survey of math instruction in twelve nations* released last week, the U.S. is startlingly remiss in teaching its children how to add, subtract or solve calculus prob-lems. Despite U.S. prestige as the world's leading technological power, American 13-year-olds ranked a low eleventh in their understanding of math -outscoring only children from Sweden, and lagging well behind those from

The math study, conducted by the International Project for the Evaluation of Educational Achievement with the help of UNESCO, was easily the most massive comparative study of schools ever undertaken. The researchers, who included a five-man U.S. team headed by Education Professor Benjamin Bloom of the University of Chicago, carefully framed questions so that they would not favor the students of any one nation. The tests were given to 132,775 students in 5,348 schools during 1964.

Critical Index. The main testing was done among 13-year-olds, since this is the age at which the twelve nations still have most of their children in academic schools (after this age, some channel many of their students into vocational training). The results show a startling gap between Japan and the U.S. Japan placed 76% of its 13year-olds in the upper half of international testing, compared with 43% in the U.S. A strong 31% of the Japanese ranked in the upper tenth percentile, compared with only 4% of the Americans. The top tenth, claim the researchers, is "a very critical index, since it is likely to be the source of national mathematics and science talent." Students in their last year of

England, Finland, * Australia, Belgium, England, Finland, France, Israel, Japan, The Netherlands, Scot-land, Sweden, the U.S., West Germany.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL IN JAPAN Conviction undermined.

secondary school also were tested: the U.S. finished at the very bottom, while Japan was near the top.

The tests also undermined the conviction of American education that better teaching lies in smaller classes. The average class size for 13-year-olds in Japan is 41, compared with 29 in the U.S. Family background was found to be a major influence on test scores, but Japan is so far ahead of the U.S. that even the sons of unskilled workers scored higher than U.S. children whose fathers are college-trained professionals.

Accurate Rating. The researchers did not offer any conclusive explanation why some nations performed better than others. But one clue seems to be that students who showed greater interest performed better. U.S. students indicated a more negative attitude toward math than most others: the Japanese were the most positive. "Americans," contends M.I.T.'s curriculum reformer, Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, "have mathophobia." They are "scared to death" of math, he says, because most teachers are afraid of it themselves and fail "to make it exciting."

U.S. experts on mathematics teaching admit that the survey is an accurate rating of American nonproficiency. James Gates, executive secretary of the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics, candidly concedes that "our teachers-particularly those in elementary schools-are not well prepared to teach mathematics." Professor Richard D. Schafer, deputy head of M.I.T.'s math department, blames the teachers colleges. "Instead of being taught math, he says, "the new teachers are taught how to stand in front of a class." Harvard Mathematics Chairman Andrew M. Gleason sees a need for the spread of "new math" to more schools. The survey showed that students in such classes performed better than those who took traditional forms of math instruction.

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THE THEATER

A Pebble of Innocence

Homp, by John Wilson. The idea of trial is one of the touchstones of drama. In some sense, Oedipus and Antigone. Hamlet and Macbeth are all on trial for their lives and are tested by the ordeal of life. Hamp is not even remotely a protagonist on this grand trages scale: a World War I private from the British North Country, he has deserted in batde and is to stand court-martial. But eand is to stand court-martial. But in the features of a frightened boy, Plawright Wilson raises questions that have disturbed and puzzled men since war began.

The lawver-lieutenant (Michael Lipton) chosen to defend Hamp is aloof, yet earnest, and thoroughly determined to help him. But Hamp (Robert Salvio) is hard to help precisely because he is a simple soul of truth, a pebble of innocence without a tongue-wag of selfprotective deviousness in his nature. He ran away, he tells his lawyer and the court because one day the mud-andblood bath of battle got to be too much for him. He doesn't have the foggiest idea if he ever intended coming back to his outfit. All he knows is that he desperately wanted to go home. It is an affecting, truthful defense, but the law gives Hamp's military judges no option; he dies before a firing squad.

Based on a novel by J. L. Hodson that Director Joseph Losey two years ago turned into a stirring film called *Kimic and Country* (That, Oct. 1, 1965), *Homp*, in this off-Broadway production, deriver is tersion and strength from a conflict between round a contract of the contract of the country of the contract of the



SALVIO IN "HAMP" Two goods.

Hamp, As he says, softly and pitiably, "It were only the first time, sir" Here the playwright opens the play to the book of life tistelf, Life is always "only the first time" for every man, and, for all its late and early joys, he pays with a hundred trials and a hundred deaths. Hamp's death is a metaphor, not only for death in war but for death in the undeclared war of life.



JOHNSON & HINNANT IN "BROWN" Small Peanuts.

Good Grief

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown. The U.S. comic strip has often minicked and miniaturized the battle of the sexes. In Britingin UP Father, the explosively frustrated, eigar-chewing Jigs tamed by the shrew Maggle. In Blandle, the hapless, incompetent Dayson's to the strip of th

posedly infrance childshiese. Pommt is The fashionable switch of norm is The fashionable switch of norm is the firm in speak the cophisticated baby babble of the age—popularized psychology. Charlie (Gary Burghoff) has a way of putting himself down before the world does, a sly self-pitying form of one-upmanship. His shrew is Lucy (Reva Rose)—crabby and dominecting. (Reva Rose)—crabby and dominecting.) Johnson, His soul mate is Sneopy (Johnson, His soul mate is Sneopy (Johnson, His soul mate is Sneopy house that Charlie is always in.

Lifted off the newspaper page and on an off-Broadway stage the boys and girls of Penunts are only tepidly amusing. The show consists of skits and tag lines from the eartoon series, a revue pruch and July, the characters cannot grow, but merely repeat themselves. There is always something affected about grown men and women pretending to the children and dogs, but this properties of the pr



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he new GE De Luxe White fercury lamp provides better olor rendition than standard



MEDICINE

DRUGS

Limits on Children's Aspirin

The world's most useful drug is asprint, and it is remarkably safe for most adults. But each year, almost 150 U.S. children die of aspirin poisoning, and more have to be rushed to a hospital to have their stomachs pumped out. For in the young, aspirin dosage is a matter of hair-triguers ensitivity.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has decided that, effective June 1, children's aspirin must be packaged with not more than 36 tablets to a bottle, each tablet of not more than 12grain strength, or one-fourth the potency of the conventional tablet for adults. The FDA's Dr. Basil G. Delta figures that one grain of aspirin per pound of body weight is the danger threshold. So,



REACHING INTO MEDICINE CABINET Danger in a grain per pound.

if a five-year-old weighing the average 45 lbs, for his age gobbled a whole 45grain bottle of the future children's aspirin, he would be sick, but would almost certainly recover. For a smaller child the results could be more serious. Some FDA advisers would like to see the number of tablets in a bottle reduced still further.

The FDA wishes that manufacturers would stop selling candy-flavored aspirin, because this makes it more dangerous to children. But the FDA has not yet seen fit to issue a ruling on that.

VITAL STATISTICS

Trillion-to-One Chance The odds against giving birth to twins

are 80 to 1, against triplets 6,400 to 1, against quadruplets 512,000 to 1 and against quintuplets 40,960,000 to 1. Last week in Mexico City, Mrs. Maria Teresa López de Sepúlveda, 21, wife of a social security clerk and mother of a two-year-old son, produced the

20,971,520,000,006,to-1 chance: octupless, four boys and four girls. The babies, weighing about 194 oz. each, were two months premature, and all died within hours. It was only the third time in this century that octuples have been reported (the others: 1921 in Mexico. 1934 in China) and the first time about the about has been confirmed. As for those fertility pills deciros suspect of contributing to the recent rise in multiple burded of them, that the had been taking birth-control pills until ciplt months before conceiving the octupiels.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Out, Red Spot

The Federal Government last week cleared its determination to cradicate measles from the U.S. in 1967. Up the chain of command from Surgeon General William H. Stewart of the U.S. Public Health Service to President Johnson went the word: from \$0,000.000 to 115–000.000 children agent largely with the aid of federal funds funneled through 42 state and 61 city-county programs.

The Government's ambitious plans apply only to the common "seven-day" measles, or rubeola—not to be confused with the three-day "German" measles or rubella, for which a vaccine has not yet been perfected. Though rubella carly in pregnancy has gained an evil reputation as a killer and crippler of the unborn. It is otherwise a mild and almost a market in the common of the National Communicable Disease Center, "measles is the one with the most risk."

No Reservoirs. Perhaps because measles always seemed to be an unavoidable part of childhood, it has not loomed as threatening as others have long been the butt of contic-strip jokes." There were almost 4,000,000 cases a year in pre-vaccine days. In more than 500,000 Dull, there were complications such as middle-car infections: in 4,000 cases, there was encephaltis often with resulting mental retardation, deafness or disease ended in death.

Though the disease fighters were hampered by the public's unconcern, they were helped by some characteristics of the measles virus. There is only one type, as against three for polio. One shot of vaccine made from live but attenuated virus confers lifelong immunity. And the wild virus has no reservoir, like that of rabies in animals or polio in sewage. It lives only in man, Wipe it out

Cartoonist Charles Schulz has now reversed the field and devoted a set of six Peanuts strips to promoting the measles vaccination drive. in man, and it is wiped out, period except for sporadic outbreaks among unvaccinated children, caused by virus imported by a traveler.

Last year vaccination drives in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Detroit and South Dakota paid off landsomely, New Hampshire has not had a single case since Septient Part of the Ampshire has not had a single case since Septient Part of the Hampshire has not had a single case since Septient has not had a single case since Septient has the land of the Hampshire has been injected, most of them with the needle, by physicians in private have been practice. In mass campaigns, where 50 or more children can be vaccinated at once, it is more economical, as well as better psychology, to all, as well as better psychology, to all, as well as better psychology, to the lift all over before most kilds start to how!

Two-Thirds Mojority. The vaccinators' targets this year will be some 4,000,000 babies, plus 4,000,000 children in first and second grades who have so far escaped the needle, and about 2,000,000 in kindergarten, nursery and



GETTING MEASLES SHOT WITH AIR GUN Help from the virus itself.

Sunday schools. These are not all the susceptible children. But it is not necessary to inoculate every child to end epidemics. Explains Dr. Dull: When two-thirds or more of the children in any community are immune, through having had either the disease or vaccination, the measles virus simply dies out.

Nationwide, the N.C.D.C.'s figures show only about one-third as many measles cases so far in the current disease year as at this time a year ago. That is a good start, "It's unprecedented in the history of preventive medicine to try to eradicate an entire disease in one year," says Dr. Dull, "but there is good reason to believe it can be done."

NUTRITION

Protein for Everybody

Half of the world's people are undernourished, and their most crippling deficiency is in protein, the basic building block of the human body. Its lack causes mental retardation, stunted growth, early death. Now U.S. industry and Government scientists have developed an inexpensive food supplement



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rich in protein. It is a "flour" made by grinding up whole fish, and Interior Secretary Stewart Udall reports that it can restore balance to the diet at a daily cost of only half a cent per person. U.S. fisheries alone, he adds, can produce enough of the raw material to meet the needs of 300 million people. Approval of the fish flour by the Food

and Drug Administration marked the end of a long struggle within the Government. Illinois' VioBin Corp. has been exporting fish flour since 1955, and in 1961 the company sought FDA approval for U.S. distribution. Though VioBin expected only a modest market in the U.S., where protein-deficient diets are not a major problem, U.S. approval promised to help convince countless purchasers overseas. But the FDA then ruled that no matter how well it might be sterilized in processing, the light tan powder must be considered "adulterated and filthy" because it included every part of the fish-head, tail, guts and all. The Interior Department set up its own experimental processing plant and invoked the aid of the nation's top scientists to overcome the FDA's objection.

Odorless & Tosteless. The upshot of the years of research was a series of compromises. According to the latest FDA ruling, the only fish that may be used are hake" and related speece. They must be ixed as soon as caught, like all processing, though the without the protocology of the property of the protocology of the property of the used, some bone is removed to keep the fluoride content below 100 parts per million. The final fluor of "Pre" (fish protein concentrate) must contain 75% protein and practically no fat.

As now processed, fish flour is virularly oddress and tasteless, and Interior Department researchers report that the property of the property of the process of the process

The most enthusiastic endorsement of FPC came last week from Vice President Hubert Humphrey, speaking as chairman of a new national council on marine resources. He called the development of fish flour "a tremendous breakthrough in the war on hunger," and added. "It may be the greatest been to mankfund and helping to greatest been to mankfund helping to greatest been to

* A rather dry-tasting, bony fish, seldom found in U.S. markets but esteemed in some other countries, including Russia.



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MUSIC



FOSS & ROSTROPOVICH REHEARSING Plus a darned good D-pflat.

NEW WORKS

Pffhonk!

Like many contemporary composers, America's Lukas Foss, 44, has been experimenting lately with new sounds. Af Manhattan's Carregie Hall last week. Foss conducted the London Symphony Orchestra, with Soloist Mistika Rostropovich, in the world première of his forest concerno of the Cello and Orchestra, with the processing of the Cello and Orchestra of the Cello an

The first movement had the cellist manfully circling around for three minutes trying to find D-flat. Soon, from loudspeakers came a cadenza recorded carlier by Rostropovich, who then played a whining, aritythmic duet with himself. During one dramatic silence, a massive phlom&t bounced through the half, it sounded like ownerbed, blowed, good note it was, loo—D-flat, in fact.

"Bravo!" cried a reckless woman after the first movement. To this, others in the audience responded in divided fashion: half boos, half hisses. A few avantgardists countered with applause. More boos, "Bravo!" insisted the woman.

Undaunted by a few walkouts, Foss and Rostropovich elattered on for two more movements, straining the limits of the instruments, desperately avoiding mellody and rhythm, grinding and groaning till they were spent. True, the applause at the end was louder than the boos, but much of that could have been a tribute to Rostropovich's bravery ratheret than Foss.

Turning to a glum little boy, one woman asked: "Well, what did you think of it?" Replied he: "Sounded to me like a lot of notes but not much music." "Well," said the woman, gathering her furs in a huff, "sounded to me as if all the bathroom plumbing went wrong!"

COMPOSERS

Apostle of the Mother Tongue

As a boy in the dreary village of Galánta, Hungary, Composer Zoltán Kodály haunted the local railroad station, watching the come and go of peasurous that the come and go of peasurous the come and the come and the come called, "listening to the music die away as the train bore them off. But even then it always seemed to me that use the composition of the

When Kodály entered the Budapest Conservatory as a young, sandadel Bohemian, he was appalled at the tyranical influence of the German professors who, he snorted, "couldn't even speak Hungarian". Determined to develop "the natural mother tongue of every Hungarian composer," he teamed with another ardent nationalist, Bela mother and the state of the state

New Longuage, By melding the sprightly vigor and natural speech rhythms of the folk meldoties with traditional harmonies, Kodály and Bartók forged a new, distinctly Hungarian musical language. The works of Bartók, always the more inventive and adventurasione, became increasingly disordansand experimental, Kodály's music was comparted to the control of the control of the control of the concinges blurted, the passion sometimes prettified, but always simulating in its warmth, clarit wad soaring brities in.

Bartók left Hungary and eventually died in New York City in 1945. His work was neglected during his lifetime, but the compositions—notably his six quartets, the violin concerto and Concerto for Orchestra—are now deservedly regarded as masterworks of the century.

Kodály, darkly warning of the dangers of experimentation, never strayed from his roots, disdained writing for "the well-trained and elite" in favor of reaching "the simple man who can understand by direct feeling without learning music." A steady but not prolific composer, he excelled more at vocal than orchestral music, and pieces like the suite from his bright, good-humored opera Háry János became concert-hall staples. His life's output was remarkable for its uniform excellence; his unabashedly melodic First Symphony, for example, written when he was 79, evokes the same atmosphere of Transylvanian winterscapes and shepherd's watch fires on the puszta as his earlier works. Endless Stream. In the past 15 years

or so, he had set out to raise "my people's musical education." He preached against the "highbrow poses" of music teachers who, with their force-feeding methods, "incuteate hatred of music instead of love." His revolutionary techniques for teaching music—using troduced in 10s elementary, schools in Hungary and widely copied in the U.S. and elsewhere (Timi, Aug. 20).

In 1959, after the death of his first wife, who was 18 years his senior, he married a comely blonde music student, sarolta, who was 50 years his hostess for Kodály who, as the dean of European composers and Hungary's most revered citizen, received an end-less stream of visitors in his Budapest apartiment during his last years. A shy, or a strength of the stream of visitors in his Budapest apartiment during his last years. A shy, or an El Greco apporte, he admonshed people to "go to the peasants. Hear them sing. You can't learn from mu-



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In fact, if you want to see what other car makers will think of next, see your Pontiac dealer today.



SCIENCE

AIR SAFETY

Forecasting Birds

High-speed aircraft and jet engines just cannot cope with brids. In the U.S., the annual total of aircraft-brid cellisions now exceeds 1,600, some of them resulting in injuries and even fatal crashes. The Air Force alone estimates that it spends about \$250,000 per year even pierced by the high-velocity impact of large fowl: it costs another \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 to repair or replace jet engines that have been damaged by ingsetted brids. But scientific help is on the way for aircraft—as well as for the little, which fare even worse

In Canada, where at least five Royal Canadian Air Force CF-104 jets have been destroyed in the past two years by collisions with birds, government-sponsored scientists have devised a new fortexting system that may enable pilots to defour around the pilot of the control of the

bird-watching station.
Toll-Wind Filers, With a Polaroid-backed camera set up in front of a Stobacked set of the state of the stat

ence. "The predictions are based on weather and migration patterns," explains Engineer Malcolm Kuhring, who is chairman of the committee. "The birds fly with tail winds; they fly the pressure patterns."

During the 1865 spring, and fall-migration periods, the RCAF forecaster at Cold Lake added bird forecasts to the sequence of t

Bird forecasting has now been estabhished permanently at Cold Lake, and is being irried experimentally at bases in Toronton and London, Ont. Before long, the constitution of the constitution of the with a coast-to-coast network of forecast stations that can follow and predict the routes of flocks all the way from their nesting grounds in the North to the U.S. border, giving aircraft amtor the constitution of the proposal of the reathersh flags of the approach of the

SPACE

A Lift from the Lifting Body

As it reached an altitude of 100 miles and a speed of 18,000 m.p.h. off the West Coast of the U.S. last week, an Atlas rocket opened its clamshell nose cone and ejected a 7-ft, object that re-sembled a flatiron-shaped speedboat. The strange craft was the Air Force SV-5D, an experimental forerunner of a larger, manned "lifting body" that scientists be-



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transfer to a small lifting body stowed aboard his disabled spacecraft. Detaching the space lifeboat (TIME, March 10), he could fire its retrorocket to drop



AIR FORCE SV-5D Give a man a flatiron he can fly.

out of orbit, then glide through the atmosphere to a convenient airport. Larger lifting bodies could ferry men and supplies to space stations and perform orbital missions themselves. The craft's ability to maneuver to an airport and land safely would eliminate the need for the costly 10,000-man recovery force that now must be deployed for each space mission.

Demonstrating its versatility in last week's test, the SV-5D fired nitrogen jets in response to commands radioed from the ground, changing its attitude as it soared through space over the Pacific. Then, as it followed its trajectory back into the atmosphere, the craft moved its control flaps, turned, and detoured course and splashing down in the ocean near Kwajalein Island. Though the SV-5D sank, and was lost when heavy seas ripped away its flotation gear, its otherwise successful flight brought closer the day when man can first steer it through space.



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EXHIBITIONS

Tutankhamania

Paris has Pharaonic fever-all because of 45 objects from the tomb of Egypt's boy king, Tutankhamen (circa 1358 B.C.), which recently began a four-month stay at the Petit Palais. The event is hardly news: King Tut's tomb was discovered in 1922. But ever since the exhibition opened, Parisians waiting to get in have jammed the Avenue Churchill with serpentine lines five bodies thick.

Such official visitors as 91-year-old Konrad Adenauer have had to wait un-

armrests, that was made to carry Tut on his postmortal trip. The room also glows with gold objects that surrounded him in life: his gold armchair trimmed with ebony and ivory, his royal scepters, glittering earrings and necklaces.

The "funeral chamber" is hung with orange velvet to emphasize the soft transparency of huge alabaster jars. A small rotunda with illuminated parchments re-creates the atmosphere of paintings on tomb walls. The primeval marshes where, according to Egyptian belief, the world began and the dead person's metamorphosis took place, are evoked by a wall of papyrus, which in



Barnum knew how.

til 10 p.m. for private tours. French newspapers and magazines are filled with articles on "The Short and Pathetic Life of a Persecuted Monarch" and "Was King Tut Really a Woman?" L'Express depicted De Gaulle as a Pharaoh, and even fashion has been afflicted. Two top hairdressers, Alexandre and Carita, have created Egyptian coiffures and appropriate makeup-blue or black lines outlining lips and nostrils, plus eveliner extending halfway round to a lady's ear

Mask & Marsh, Although Tut's burial effects have traveled before (34 objects toured the U.S. in 1961-62), their Parisian trip was arranged with unprecedented showmanship by that esthetic Barnum, Culture Minister André Malraux, After first viewing a roomful of statuary entitled "The Theban Cradle of the Child King," the visitor accompanies the boy on his twilight journey from death and burial to resurrection and fusion with Osiris, god of the dead. In a dimly lit Salle Royale hung with blue velvet, glows the gold funeral chair, with its big-horned sacred cows for

turn gives way to the dramatic climax of the show: the great funeral mask with its blaze of gold, lapis lazuli, carnelian and turquoise. Altogether, it is small wonder that in the first 20 days. some 180,000 Frenchmen have fought their way through the lines-ironically, ignoring the nearby Louvre's permanent display of 4,000 Egyptian objects, which attract no more than a few dozen foreign tourists a day.

PAINTING

Fulfilling Fear

In 1933, the aging Emil Nolde became the only major German expressionist to join the Nazi Party. Much good it did him. For all his Frisian peasant conservatism, the Nazis soon called him a "degenerate" modern artist and stripped his works from German museums. In 1941, he was forbidden to sell his art or even to paint. At 73, Nolde retreated from Berlin to his summer home in Seebüll, not far from his birthplace on the North Sea coast-but he did not stop painting. To his diary he revealed: "I still hold my head high, and only to you, my little pictures, do I sometimes confide my grief, my torment, my contempt."

Actually, his lot was not terribly tormented. Lifelong friends looked after him, and local merchants accepted paintings in exchange for food. Recalls Andreas Hansen, then (as now) mayor of tiny Neukirchen and the ranking local Nazi: "Every week my wife and I visited the Noldes and we chatted. This was my inspection. I knew that he painted, but I kept my eyes closed."

Nonetheless, Nolde lived in fearfear of Allied bombers, fear of hidden microphones in his studio and informers among his guests. Because he feared the telltale stench of turpentine, he gave up oils and instead painted some 1,300 watercolors on small (5-in. to 10-in.) pieces of Japanese rice paper that could easily be hidden. His wife Ada would press them flat with her iron before he hid them away in his huge "treasure chest." He called them "unpainted pictures" because he hoped some day to

use them as bases for oil paintings. Trolls & Hobgoblins. Only a small proportion of Nolde's watercolors had been translated to oil before his death in 1956 at the age of 88, and the rest form a self-sustaining cycle. Some 54 of the watercolors are currently on display at Manhattan's Knoedler gallery (see color opposite). In contrast to Nolde's earlier works, which stress religious subjects or Berlin's raucous cabarets, this rural cycle focuses on ordinary workaday existence, together with a few of the Nordic trolls and hobgoblins native to Schleswig-Holstein. Most of the pictures show pairs and groups of everyday people. Their dress is shapeless, timeless. The light is eerie, Sometimes Nolde painted the flat Schleswig countryside and the powerful sea that lurks just beyond its dikes in turbulent colors reminiscent of England's J.M.W. Turner, More often, he portrayed the country life around him: a patriarch with his clan, a farm girl with windswept hair.

To Emil Nolde, though, a subject was to a painter "as the instrument he handles is to the musician." He said that "colors are my notes, which I use to form harmonizing or contrasting sounds and chords." He usually began a watercolor by working paint onto a wet piece of paper with a bit of cotton until the colors blended into one another. After the colors dried he would study the composition to see what unexpected subjects it suggested to him, then outline them, a practice he referred to as "passive painting." Nolde said that "my best pictures always came as a surprise," and the biggest surprise was the pleasure that he got from self-exile. His very fears seemed to make him all the more creative. On Dec. 2, 1941, he wrote: "Presently I live with my work in a nonselling situation. It is an impractical but wonderful condition, which I would like to be in all my life.



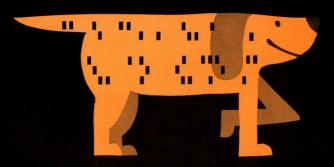


LAUGHING GIRL IN "SUMMER'S BREEZE"
EMIL NOLDE'S "MEN & WOMEN"

TURNERESQUE "SEA IN EVENING LIGHT"



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Modern Encyclopedia

The first new English-Ingruge Callin encylopedia in over half a century is a bookmaker's spectacular. Published this week by McGraw-Hill' and edited by scholars at the Catholic University of America, the New Catholic Encyclopedia was seven years in preparation of SS50 to acquire the set—and may well considered the set of the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well considered the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well so the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well set the SS50 to acquire the set—and may well set the set of the SS50 to acquire the set of the set of the SS50 to acquire the set

The new reference work supersedes the venerable, outdated Catholic Encyclopedia, published between 1907 and 1914. The differences between the two are a measure of how far the church has moved in 50 years. Produced at a time when the church was troubled by the Modernist heresy, the old encyclopedia was conservative and defensive in tone, highly critical of Protestantism. By contrast, many of the 4,800 scholars who contributed to the new encyclopedia are non-Catholics. The managing editor, Father John Whalen of Catholic U., insists that authors were picked solely for their knowledgeability rather than for their faith. The article on Jewish theological education, for example, was written by Rabbi Louis Finkelstein, chancellor of Jewish Theological Seminary. while Editor Erwin Canham of the Christian Science Monitor wrote about Christian Science, Lutheran Theologian sultant for the articles on Protestantism, which display a new sympathy for once-deprecated figures like Calvin and Luther.

Transignification. The New Catholic Encyclopedia includes reports on many subjects that were ticked off in a sentence or two in the old edition-contraception, for example, was barely mentioned in the entry on marriage. The new reference book contains an eightcolumn treatise on the subject by Notre Dame Law Professor John T. Noonan Jr., a member of the pontifical birthcontrol commission. His article, like many others, does not simply reflect traditional views. Noonan suggests that the church's position developed in response to historical challenges, and can therefore change in the light of new conditions. The articles on the Eucharist include an explanation of the controversial new "transignification" theories of

some Dutch theologians.

One unanswered question is how current can an encyclopedia be in a Roman Catholic Church that is in the midst of continuing turmoil and flux. Father Whalen admits the problem and notes

* Which in 1965 brought out the Catholic Encyclopedia for School and Home in twelve volumes intended chiefly for children



Much as in a monastery.

that more than 1,000 entries had to be changed as a result of decrees enacted by the Second Vatican Council. To stay up to date, the editors hope to issue periodic supplements similar to those put out by the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

CHURCHES

Laboratory for the Future
Many Protestant theologians are con-

Many Protestant theologians are convinced that the conventional parish is no longer suited to the missionary needs of the modern city. But what should take its place? One answer is provided by Chicago's Ecumenical Institute—a cooperative community of laymen and ministers that regards itself as a "research and training center" for the church of the future.

Founded in 1957, the Ecumenical Institute now operates out of a former Church of the Brethren seminary on Chicago's West Side. It has a resident community of 185-105 adults, the rest children and teen-agers-who live together in apartment buildings belonging to the institute. Each couple is given two rooms, plus another room for every two children. The core of the institute is its 20 "permanent members," mostly Protestant clergymen, who have banded together into a corporate ministry. The rest of the community consists of "interns," who spend a year at the institute, and "fellows," who have no definite terms of residence.

Mode in Common. The institute community forms a kind of interfaith famity monastery, worshiping together, eaiing in common, and pursuing community actions and study projects. While most members of the community work full time at the institute, sweral have daytine secular jobs. They turn over their salaries to the institute, which in acceptable to the institute, which in size. A portion of the funds is set aside for the college education of members'

children. There is also a travel fund, which enables two couples to travel abroad for three months each year.

Life at the institute revolves around a balanced union of work, study and prayer. Members of the community are involved in trying to improve the Negro slum neighborhood. Backed by a \$170-000 federal grant, the institute operates a nursery school for the benefit of both its members and neighborhood families. It has also created a cubr for neighborhood and the school of the schoo

The institute seeks to stimulate creative Christian thinking on urban problems through weekend seminars that are open to outsiders. The seminars are larded with the institute's particular jargon-mind-set and imaginal education are favorite words-and faculty members rely on shock tactics to make listeners aware of the church's crisis situation. "When are you going to stop prettying up the heroes of the church so that people will know what kind of men they were?" demanded Lay Faculty Member Joe Pierce at one seminar. "Martin Luther? He was three sheets to the wind on German beer a good part of the time. John Wesley? You'd be sexually frustrated if you had a wife like his." Religious irreverence, insists the institute's dean, Joseph Mathews, helps "retool the minds of clergymen" to secular realities.

Since its founding, more than 7,000 ministers and laymen have attended seminars at the institute, while 250 have shared its life as interns and fellows. Many of them agree with Mathewa for the lows. Many of them agree with Mathewa the mood, style and pattern of the post-modern world view' in ways that convenional churches cannot. Members of the institute, says Pierce, are "guinea pigs" who offer themselves in experience of the convenional churches cannot. Members of the institute, says Pierce, are "guinea the pigs" who offer themselves in experience in the style and structures are necessary" (or Christianity's years ahead.

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTRESSES

Birds of a Father (See Cover)

Once there was an Englishman named Fortunatus Augustus Scudamore. He wrote atrocious Victorian melodramas, and it served him quite right when in 1907 his daughter Margaret married an actor chap named Roy Redgrave. The marriage was a bad show, but before it closed in Australia three years later,



LYNN IN "BLACK COMEDY" Alley Oop on the run.

Roy and Margaret had inadvertently established a simply smashing theatrical dynasty. It has flourished in England for three decades, but within the last year the Redgraves have been recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as the first family of stage and screen: the nearest thing to the Barrymores that the era has produced

Sir Michael Redgrave, 58, is a tragedian who ranks only a little lower in English estimation than Sir John Gielgud and Sir Laurence Olivier. Lady Redgrave, who plays as Rachel Kempson, is accounted a superb supporting actress. And over the last year a new generation of Redgraves, who might well be known as "Michael's bloody marvels," has spangled the marquees with a retina-rocking glitter of new talent. Corin, 27, played his first big part (Sir Thomas More's son-in-law) in a big picture (A Man for All Seasons) and charmed the critics with a witty portrait of a political noddy. Lynn, 24. hit the top with a gloriously vulgar clang in a British film called Georgy Girl that left nobody wondering who was the most gifted British comedienne since Kay Kendall, And Vanessa, 30, interrupted an illustrious career on the

English stage with two far-out and almost offhand film performances in Morgan! and Blow-Up that suddenly and quite unintentionally projected her before millions of moviegoers as the most potent image of mystery and allure since Greta Garbo made John Gilbert's eveballs spin like pin wheels.

Deb & Daffodil. By last week, with both Blow-Up and Georgy Girl making boffo box office, the wave of acclaim had temporarily deposited both Redgrave girls in the U.S. Lynn was in Manhattan playing a dippy deb and bringing down the house night after night in the funniest show on Broadway: Peter Shaffer's Black Comedy, Vanessa was in Hollywood, playing Queen Guinevere in her first cinemammoth: a \$17 million movie version of Broadway's Camelot, in which she sings in a musky mezzo and looks like a rain-washed daffodil in a fire-green Sussex meadow. On April 10, they will both take a day

together at the annual Oscar awards ceremony, where for the first time since 1940, when Joan Fontaine beat out Olivia de Havilland, the nominees for Best Actress of the Year include a set of winsome sisters: Morgan's Vanessa and Georgy Girl's Lynn. If the prize goes to one of the Redgrave girls, it will acknowledge more

off to celebrate the climax of the Redgrave year in cinema. They will appear

than her own abilities. The rise of this remarkable sister act coincides with the emergence of a new international era in cinema and a new international species

of film actor

Beyond Recall. The new thrust in movies took inception from the collapse of Hollywood in the early '50s and the revival of Europe as a center of film production. Since the European industry was small and loosely organized, such directors as Vittorio De Sica, Ingmar Bergman, Federico Fellini, Michelangelo Antonioni, Alain Resnais, François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard could pretty well shoot them as they saw them and let the censor take the hindmost As a result, they made a number of fine far-out films (The Bicycle Thief, Wild Strawberries, 81, L'Avventura. Hiroshima, Mon Amour, The 400 Blows, Breathless) that made a startling amount of money.

U.S. producers were impressed. Unable to beat the new movement, they decided to join it. New Hollywoods, largely supported by U.S. capital, arose on the Seine and the Isar, the Tiber and the Thames. In 1966, every other movie made with American money was made abroad, and many of them (A Man for All Seasons, Blow-Up, Taming of the Shrew) were made by European directors and actors. Moreover, moviemaking at last fell out of the pockets of the moneymen in the front offices and into the hands of directors, writers and actors who suddenly found themselves with more freedom than they had ever known in the dear dead days that were happily beyond recall.

Less Hypocrisy, Along with this shift came the fresh realization that audiences and their attitudes have changed. They are vounger and they carry more intellectual clout. Says Karel Reisz, who directed Morgan!: "The literacy gap between the people who are making films and those who are seeing them has narrowed." The kids still flip for spoof spectaculars like Goldfinger, but they just don't believe in 40-acre bathrooms and proscenium-size smiles, "The grand image no longer awes the spectator, says Director Claud Lelouch (Un Homme et Une Femme), "He recognizes a smooth but forced décor and performance as unnatural. There is much less hypocrisy in films today.

Also much more sex and nudity. But in the new films, sex is rarely prurient. If it is sometimes startlingly explicit, it is nevertheless unself-conscious and often functional to the plot-or what plot there is. It is also unstereotyped. People make love on the couch (Georgy Girl). in cars (Alfie), and in a susurrous sea of blue backdrop paper (Blow-Up). And the girl hardly ever waits any more to be asked; she communicates sex like a banner headline.

The new cinema is realistic yet not merely representational. The reality the films are aiming at is often a subconscious or transcendent experience. To communicate its quality, the new movjemakers have taken some weird flights

of imagination and made nervy innovations in style. Directors are undertaking instead a sort of radial reorganization of experience in which the elements of a story



VANESSA IN "CAMELOT" Duse of the decade.

occur in no necessary order and the sense of succession subsides in the illusion of a permanent present. Fantasy heightens reality. Cause and effect are ments such as in Last Year at Marienhad, a fundamental reorientation in time and space takes shape. Even as it strives to netertain, the new cinema is part of the broad cultural movement of an age that not not the control of the sense of the

In this more humanistic order of cinema a more human sort of actor has found his place. For two long generations, American moviegoers had been staring at actors attached to profiles that looked as if Phidias had chiseled them out of vanilla ice cream and at actresses shaped like animated advertisements for the California Fruit Growers Association. In those days, movies were "vehicles" for stars whose on-screen images were doctored by diffusing lenses and light screens and with makeup that was laid on by fellows who should have belonged to the plasterers' union. Now, says Director Reisz, audiences "no longer want to look up to something different. They want stars with whom they can identify."

Country Calves. These stars, with few exceptions, are Europeans: Michael Caine, Jeanne Moreau, Julie Christie, Maggie Smith, Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, Marcello Mastroianni, Omar Sharif, Anouk Aimée, David Hem-mings, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, Rita Tushingham, Melina Mercouri, Ingrid Thulin, Tom Courtenay, Albert Finney, Susannah York, Samantha Eggar, Sarah Miles, Terence Stamp, David Warner, Alan Bates-and the Beatles. Hollywood's contribution to the constellation is insignificant: James Coburn, Walter Matthau, Lee Marvin are big boys at the box office now, but for some curious

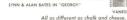
Though none of these actors and actors to tresses look as if they were made in the Max Factory, they manage to seem definetly made and distinctly fremale. Belmondo, for instance, has a wrinkly, crinkly, all-sequezed-together-in-the-middle sort of face that appears to have used to the sort of face that appears to have to the sort of the sort of face that appears to have to be slowly cransing saws and a hole that the sort of the sort of

reason. Hollywood has yet to bring on

a new and better class of girls.

in Tig. new European actresses, for the most part, are a flat negation of every-thing Hollywood thinks a girl should have. Rita Tushingham, though her eyes are a glowing glory, has a porridgy complexion and a walloping set of country calves. Julie Christie has a face straight out of Ferry and the Prates and the sort of figure that looks better peaned the set of the properties of the prop







VANESSA & DAVID HEMMINGS IN "BLOW-UP alk and cheese.

petulant face (except when she smiles) of a very small child sent to bed without her supper.

What the customers seem to like about all these performers is that they are all as different as chalk and chear They cannot be typed: they are individuals. They don't look like actors: they took like themselves. They look like vital, intelligent, stimulating men advenue, and they women, and they act the way they look. most big Hollywood stars were not thoroughly trained professionals.

Mod Goddess, All that's exciting in the new cast of cinema characters is prepotently present in Lynn and Vanessa Redgrave. They look, to begin with, like no other actresses currently facing clapper cues-and certainly not like each other. Both are tall, but Vanessa is the taller by a smidgen; at 5 ft. 101 in., she is the skyscrapingest screen queen in filmsville. (Garbo, though her pressagent insisted that she was only 5 ft. 7, wore flat heels in Grand Hotel but still swayed high above John Barrymore, whose pressagent insisted that he stood 5 ft. 10.) For her height Vanessa is slender; her bust is small, her legs long and elegant; and she moves with the grace of a Watusi dancer-or a high-fashion model. Her lips are thin and subtle, her nose fine, her eyes a cool matte blue. There is something royal in her bearing and at the same time something girlish. The effect is delightfully incongruous, Says Peter Ustinov: "She's a mixture of Harper's bizarre and church bazaar." She is a mod goddess, Eleanor of Aquitaine in a miniskirt.

Lynn, on the contrary, looks like a hockey star trying to look like a movie star. She seems to be bigger than Vanessa and to have more arms and leggquite nice legs that somehow look sexy even though they are semaphorically knock-kneed. Lynn, continues Ustinov, gives the impression of knocking things down by mistake because the doesn't keypiedoll face countertunk in a strawberry-blonde mane; she wears what looks like fluorescent face powder; and looks like fluorescent face powder; and

she sometimes paints her lower lashes, Twiggy-style, so far below the natural eyeline that people wonder if they need a hairnet. But the eyes look out between the lashes with a wonderful sparkling sanity, and the high excited voice goes burbling on like a Bayswater faucet—it just earl' keen anything in.

A Dinosaur & a Colonel. The girls differ in their acting as much as they do in their looks. Lynn, by the very bumptiousness of her nature, seems almost doomed to be a comedienne. She doesn't particularly try to be funny; she just can't help it. She is a madeap mimic who at an instant's notice can turn into anything that stands on two, four or 36 legs. She does an imitation of a dinosaur that would bring Alley Oop on the run, and she takes off a pukka colonel so vividly that the onlooker can hear his imaginary wattles flapping. But what Lynn begins by mimicking she ends by understanding; she works inward from the comic gestures to the tragic core of

a character. In Georgy Girl, for example, she seemed at first to be playing the heroine for hechaws, for one of those hopelessly single shoes that plod through life interminably in search of a mate. Yet as the reels went by, the heroine changed slowly from a standard figure of fun to a unique and even sinister individual: a wounded and frightened young woman who wanted love but settled for power -with a husband she could dominate and a baby she could smother-mother. As Georgy, Lynn cunningly combined emotional empathy and ironical detachment. Says Sidney Lumet, who directed The Dead'y Affair, in which Lynn played a small role: "She can editorialize on a character without interrupting her portrayal of it." Acuity and control of this order, rare in one so young, intimate a talent for the highest comedy-the kind of loving laughter that hurts only what it heals.

"I Give As to a Lover." Vanessa, on the contrary, seems born to be a great leading lady, the Duse of the coming decade. She has that magic in her that all the great ones have: a sense of mys-



VANESSA, CORIN, LYNN, SIR MICHAEL (IN COSTUME) & LADY REDGRAVE
The nearest thing to the Barrymores.

tery and radiance in her presence. When she first appears on stage or serven, the spectator feels his skin begin to prickle. In A Man for All Seasons, she appeared in a single scene and spoke a single line, but the aura of her Anne Boleyn was so enthralling that she got more attention from many critics than most of the featured players. Yet Vanessa can play comedities to the stage of the stag

Vanessa's way of working is dead opposite to Lynn's. Where Lynn begins with imitation and ends with insight. Vanessa begins with an idea of the character and ends with an illustration of the character and ends with an illustration of thought out logically and constructed move by move. She is a much more intellectual actress than Lynn, but no less imaginative and emotional for all that. If anything, she is even more passionateby devoted to her profession. If give explains, "It is the only way."

Dogs & Ceis. It is, in fact, her father way. St Michael is a large, emphatic man whose demonic belief in his own genius and religious devotion to the theater the once played a performance of Machetin with a freshly broken ankle) are warmly encouraged by his wife. It was in this highly qualified amounted that Vancesa took her first breath on the property of the pro

for nine months at a stretch, while Vanessa was left in a London flat in the care of servants. When she was three the blitz began, and it scared her stiff.

When she was four she learned to read, and before long had found a blissful refuge in romantic Victorian novels -about lonely little girls. She also daydreamed a good deal, and Father approved. "Like the Brontës," he says, she lived in great islands of imagination that were entirely her own creation." Daydreams found an outlet in play acting, With Brother Corin, Vanessa performed for several years an almost daily drama in which he was an Austrian prince and she was the President of the U.S .- Daddy's girl was already ambitious. When Lynn came along, she was allowed to play a dog or a cat. "And I liked that," she says, "because dogs and cats got fed things, and it was even all right if they stole bits of food because they didn't know any better.' Lynn was a cheerful child from the be-

ginning "In my childhood I remember only things like sunny days"), though it wasn't always easy to see why. She developed acute anemia and was so weak that she went to the park in a wheelchair until she was six. She remembers Vanessa as "simply smashing." Corin as "incredibly brilliant," and her mother as "the mother of all the mothers."

"I Con't See My Head!" The teens were a bit gritty for both the Redgrave girls, particularly for Vanessa. Her father once introduced her to friends as "my daughter Vanessas—hell never be an actress, so we're having her do languages. That way she can always get a job with an airline or something." She

grew like a beanstalk on a hill of hormones. One day, after staring appalled at her reflection, she broke into tears and telephoned her mother, who was weekending in the country. "Mummy! Mummy!" she cried, "I just looked in your mirror and I can't see my head!" Daddy as usual had the answer: "Don't worry about being tall. Hold yourself up and be splendid." He prescribed ballet, and the medicine worked. Vanessa's grace and poise improved, and she showed her mettle in school theatricals. At 14, she played a St. Joan so powerful that her parents were awed. Says proud "The whole school revolved Papa: around Vanessa's personality."

The fact was all too apparent to little Lynn, Instead of leading lady she played a shepherd in the school Nativity play. Her only line: "I see a star." She developed such a virulent indifference to everything theatrical that one day, when her father asked if she wouldn't like to come watch him play Hamlet, she quite seriously said thanks all the same but she'd rather stay home and watch her favorite soap opera on the telly. Soon she developed a compensating maniashe went crazy over jumping horses, and by the time she was 16 had littered the house with glittering trophies that all said the same thing: Lvnn can do something the others can't do.

Glomor & Clomor, Meanwhile, Vanessa went into the theater and had herself a thundering great success. First year out of school she was in two West seems of the seems of the seems of the at the Stratford Old Vie: and in a 1961 of the seems of the seems of the seems of the played a Rosalind of such fire and grace that most theater people were agreed: for the next 25 years any actress who before playing Rosalind in England.

The glamor and the clamor of it all got to Lynn, and one day she decided that horse really were not the answer. When Vanessa turned down a minor was a minor of the control of the control

Naked down Piccadilly, As usual. everything happened to Vanessa first. Offered a part in Morgan!, she decided to take a stab at pictures. The public got the point all right. To Vanessa's amazement, millions acclaimed her as the most exciting thing the British had produced since radar. Director Antonioni. casting for a British actress to play in Blow-Up, had heard about Vanessa, "I had not met her before," he recalls, "but I looked at stacks of her photos and concluded that she was the one I wanted. But I didn't know if she really would accept the part. After all, it wasn't a very big role, and she would



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have to strip down to the waist. She didn't have the slightest hesitation about that undressing part." Pressagents got into the act, of course, and reported that Vanessa had offered to "walk stark naked down Piccadilly for Antonioni." With some acerbity, Vanessa retorist that she "never said such a rubbishy thing."

She took the part because it was challenging and because she admired the director. In turn, Antonioni taught her the basic lessons every film performer has to learn; how to respond to the camera as to another person in a room, how not to act but react. He wrote her a marvelous part. She was cast as a woman without qualities, an embodied enigma. The spectator knows only that she was an accomplice to a murder. Otherwise he knows nothing about her except what he chooses to imagine, and her job was to make the imagination seethe. She did it superbly. She leaped through the picture like a leopard through a glade. She was glimpsed, she was gone: ulterior and magical, the eternal puzzle of the passer-by

Lynn meanwhile had another feast on the crumbs from Vanessa's table. Just before Blow-Up came along, Vanessa had backed out of a commitment to play Georgy Girl. (It was just as well, since the script says that Georgy "looks like the back of a bus.") Offered the part, Lynn grabbed it and put on 18 lbs. of omnibustle. The Redgrave rampage was on.

"I Squeak Cheerfulness." Sir Michael. Rachel and Corin are, of course, delighted with the girls success, but no more than the girls themselves. Each one seems genuinely to hope that the other will win the Oscar, but neither is the sort to grump for long if someone



VANESSA WITH JOELY KIM (LEFT) & NATASHA And rosé with the dog trainer.







else gets it.* For one thing, they keep too busy to think about prizes and such In Manhattan, Lynn gets a thorough workout eight times a week in Black Comedy. Her role calls for some adroit tricks, since the action takes place in a house where the light fuse has blown. To let the audience see what is happening, the stage lights are actually turned on, and the performers have to act as though they are in the dark. Lynn's butter-legged climb up and down the stairs, the way she pours drinks to overflowing, and her well-timed near-misses as she staggers around the room are hilariously engineered.

Offstage she is a sunny torrent of activity." I squase kheerfulness." she says, "in the face of adversity." She carries on an endless correspondence with her family, loves to have a good blub over their letters. To relieve the Manhattany, she offen cooks up an enormous meal—one of her favorties is a lamb casserole crammed with raisins, garlies, onloss and lemons. She downs apples, onloss and lemons. She downs to hail a taxi by imitating the shrick of a pewil—which she learned from a Northumbrian shepherd when she was nine years old.

Underneath the boyden there is a serious and remarkably mature young woman who knows exactly what all the fun of heing single, and she mante a career. In her rare brooding moments, she worries over how to perfect her erait. I find myself occasionments, "she says." I hat my voice most. It's always higher than I expect and more childish. It annoys me. The best things I do happen suddenly by acciding the property of the property

Rosé in the Fridge. Vanessa's problems are of a different sort—though on the surface no problems are apparent.

* The other nominees for Best Actress: Anouk Aimée (Un Homme et Une Fennne), Elizabeth Taylor (Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?), and Ida Kaminska (The Shop on Main Street).



ny and the secretary love her dearly.

On the Camelor set he is adored.

Warm and natural with everyone, she
never claims her star percogatives except for the sake of somebody else.

Last week, when a workman gol drunk,
she summoned her limousine to take
him safely home, at the moon breach
occasion, she bunches her floor-length
in the property of the control of the control

and the beyelve goes pedialing off to
the fridge for the bottle of not
the tridge for the bottle of not
the stashed there in the morning—
that she stashed there in the morning—
the company's dop trainer.

diaper on the baby, and tucks them both

in bed. Weekends she sees the children

all she can, but arranges to spend a few

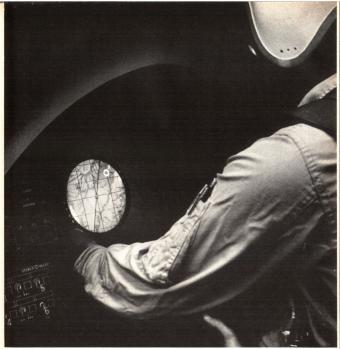
hours by the pool or work in a round

of trapshooting. She is a charming

though infrequent hostess, and the nan-

On a date she is delightful—"samshain pirid," says Director Neisz. She can make away with a hottle of Tattinger hewene 6 and 8, kick up her heeks with the Tijunan Brass, get so the stressed in what someone is saying that she misses her mouth with her fork, and blurt a delightfully risky remark if it seems to be in order. "My bras have friend recently," "see ground to a friend recently," "see ground to a friend recently," "off the Drivino Boord. And then all Off the Drivino Boord. And then all

at once, in the middle of a smile, she gets that funny blank look in her eyes, as though a light had been switched off inside her head, "She just switches off," says Corin. "It's a very strange thing, She's done it as long as I can remember." But Vanessa has an explanation. "I have a bad habit of not giving much of myself," she says, "of saving myself to myself," she says, "of saving myself."



Movies in flight: No fighter pilot should be without them.

Now a fighter pilot can see the whole picture-know exactly where he is and where he's headed, no matter how fast he goes or how he twists and turns, even at tree-top level

How? Because of ITT's amazing new Airborne Map Display. It gives the pilot a full-color, on-screen map which moves in coordination with his maneu-

location at a glance. But that's not all. The pilot pushes a

other printed instructions flash onto the screen. Another touch adds computer process data from radar, infrared and other sensor systems.

Range is no problem: 1/16 of the

vers. At any time he can pinpoint his earth's surface, in detail, may be stored inside.

The Airborne Map Display, use of which is forecast for commercial jets, is yet another example of how an ITT company, ITT Gilfillan Inc., saw a need

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.



Who was first to wrap up a case: Scotland Yard or Alexander Gordon?

Scotland Yard started sleuthing in 1890. Mr. Gordon over a century before. Came up with his brilliant solution in London, 1769. The bright flavoured, brittle-dry gin that's now one of England's most venerable institutions. Biggest-seller throughout England, America, the world. And quite possibly the one case more celebrated than any of Scotland Yard's.



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March 9, 1967

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WHITE, WELD & CO.

DEAN WITTER & CO.

up for work. To lose oneself in a role
—that is what one lives for!"

It is a romantic conception of acting —but then Vanesas is above all a romantic. "She is one of the great romantics of our generation," says her estranged husband, Director Tony and everything can be romantic to Vanessa. She can believe in everything." Says Director Lumet: "She just plunges off the diving board without bothering to check if there's water in the pool."

to check if there's water in the pool.

Sometimes she plunges into little
things. One day not long ago, quite
unwittingly, she scheduled six separate
appointments for 2 p.m., broke all of
them, scheduled three others—and then
forgot she had any at all. "It is necessary," sighs her secretary, "to keep



VANESSA IN THE NUDE First role: President of the U.S.

one's appointment calendar in penel."

Sometimes she plunges into big things.

Sometimes she plunges into big things.

In 1961, she plunged militantly into Britain's ban-the-bomb movement, was arrested four times during demonstrations, stood up before a rally in Castrostyle battle dress and sang a Cuban revolutionary song. Sometimes Vanessa suffers for her romantic impeluositions of the stood of the stood

They are both inspired actressesbirds of a father-who seem sure to enjoy quite a flutter in the next few years. Some time this spring, Lynn will fly to London to make a movie with Rita Tushingham. Some time this summer, with Camelot in the can, Vanessa will fly to Turkey to make The Charge of the Light Brigade with Director Richardson-they agree that their divorce, which by then will probably be final, will not affect their professional relationship. The girls now have ev-erything going for them, including the rumbustious new scene in cinema. The way things have turned out, after all, would surely cause a silent tear of joy to course down the whiskery cheek of Fortunatus Augustus Scudamore.



A Hertz girl did a little something extra for a customer and got a 336 foot fan letter instead of a raise.

A short while ago, Hertz' Shirley Duensing spent an hour on the phone calling every Hertz office she could reach to find a sports car for a customer.

In return, the customer spent an hour at a computer writing her what must be the world's longest thank you note.

The customer was so pleased with the service he got from Miss Duensing, he even went so far as to suggest she

deserved a raise.

The customer went too far.

Miss Duensing and 11,799 other Miss Duensings and Mr. Duensings who work for Hertz are used to doing little extra somethings for customers.

It's something they get themselves into when they come to work for us.

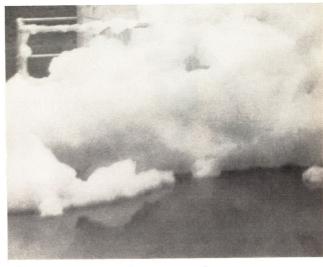
When you're number one in rent a cars and have a competitor who's just dying to see you become number two, going beyond the call of duty is an every-

So if somebody at Hertz does something nice for you and you feel like sending us a little thank you note-or a big one-do us a favor.

Send a carbon to our competition. It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.



Hertz rents Fords and other good cars.



This was once a town's water supply

Reclaimed sewage water. Yellow. Musty. Foamy.
That's what the people of Chanute, Kansas, got
for five months—whenever they turned on their taps.

for five months—whenever they turned on their taps.

That's what it took to get them working together to solve their water problem.

The Neosho River, sole source of Chanute's water, ran low almost every summer. But impounding dams were never built; it always rained before the drought became serious.

Until 1952.

Beginning that summer, Chanute saw no more rain until the spring of 1957!

Restrictive measures grew more and more strict... until citizens had to plug their basins while washing instead of letting the water run. Finally, public pressure got a dam built across the Neosho River. But it was much too late

On the first day of September, 1956, the Neosho stopped flowing. There was no more water to dam up. Now what? Well water was too hard to use. Hauling water too expensive. Pumping it in not feasible.

So Chanute chose its only alternative. A small earth dam was hastily thrown up to block the city's sewage outlet. For the next five months, reclaimed sewage water flowed again and again throughout the city's taps.

water lower again and again throughout the crystage. Yet Chanute still wasn't saved. The reclamation process that was purifying the water began to break down. If a providential rainstorm hadn't come just in time, Chanute—today—could be a ghost town.

Instead, it's a booming city. For, with the taste of treated sewage fresh in their memories, the people of Chanute made sure such a crisis could never happen



again. Three new dams now guarantee the city a plentiful supply of water. And industry, no longer afraid of drought, has brought 300 new jobs.

But nobody in Chanute need ever have tasted sudsy water—if only the townspeople and city officials had worked together to solve the drought problem before a crisis ever occurred.

Are you waiting? Or doing something now?

Most areas of the U. S. today suffer from at least one water problem—or will very soon. Remember: by 1980, our nation will need twice the water we're using now.

Find out what can be done—right now—to prevent a water problem from creeping up on your area. For more information, send for the booklet, "It's Time We Face America's Water Problem," Write Dept. T-17, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.



This dam, built after the five-year drought, helps guarantee Chanute a plentiful water supply. It's also the best fishing spot around!

The electronics experts at Raytheon gave this new electric typewriter the best possible





They bought it.

The New REMINGTON® 25 electric typewriter must be good.

The Raytheon Company thought so. They thought our 25 new features were worthwhile having.

Like the power roll that's stronger than steel; the fabric and carbon ribbon attachments that come with the typewriter at no extra cost; a shield that keeps the insides clean; individual capital and small letter adjustments for uniform print work; and UltraTouch™ that makes the keys more obedient.

They like our service program, too. A Customer Engineer can always be available to give you full

Now, chances are when Raytheon types up specifications for the Hawk missile, they'll probably do it on a REMINGTON 25. How about you?

If you'd like to,
you can check
out the REMINGTON 25

you can check
out the REMINGTON 25
typewriter. Give us a call. We're
in the phone book. We'll bring you
one. Use it for awhile. Then we'll
take it back. If you'll let us.

Remington
OFFICE MACHINES

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Losing His Cool

Only six months ago, the U.S. economy was heating rapidly and Lyndon Johnson decided to cool it. His damper was a dose of New Economics: he asked Congress for a temporary suspension of the 7½ investment-ax cred-persion of the 7½ investment axion of the 7½ investment-axion of the 7½ in

Sharp Difference. One reason for Johnson's decision was the sharp difference between capital spending and anticipated first-half trends. In 1966, capital investment had reached \$60.6 billion, a 16.7% increase over the year before. As the Administration saw it, this was too much, and the credit was suspended. Early estimates for 1967 said that even so, investment would rise another 6%. But last month, with the tax credit removed, a Commerce Department-SEC survey showed that businessmen had cut their spending plans for 1967 by \$2.3 billion. And a similar survey released last week disclosed that the year's increase in capital spending would probably be 3.9% rather than 6%-or enough to knock half a billion dollars off the first-quarter G.N.P. Johnson was understandably worried. With such economic aides as CEA Chairman Gardner Ackley, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler and Budget Director Charles Schultze, he had been mulling over for some weeks a restoration of the 7% credit. In two days of meetings that eventually included Defense Secretary McNamara and House Ways & Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, he decided that the time was now.

What nagged Johnson and his advisers was that other indicators are off as well: sales of autos and other durable goods are down sharply, housing has slowed, inventories are up and industrial production down, new orders have declined and retail sales were off 2% in February.

Antagonist into Ally. Even before last week's decision, the White House was already working to reverse the trend. Federal highway funds have been hastily released to stimulate construction. money has been funneled into the mortgage market to stimulate home building. The Administration also got valuable aid from an occasional antagonist over interest rates. The Federal Reserve Board, spurred into activism by the appointment of new young economists. has worked through the winter to make money looser. Mandatory reserves at banks have been lowered by \$850 million in order to free cash for loans. After a meeting of the Federal Reserve's Open Market Committee last week, \$1.3 billion in Government securities were bought up to free still more money for

lending. At his press conference last week, Johnson proudly announced that interest rates "have come down as much as 1½% from their September peak." The President was being rather selective: Treasury-bill rates have dropped that much, but interest on business loans is down not much more than 1½.

The speed of Johnson's move was a happy contrast to his procrastination last year, when he could not decide whether or not to raise income taxes. One immediate effect: the stock market responded with its higgest one-days volume since 1929 (see following story). Still to be learned is whether New Economist Johnson can warm up the economist Johnson can warm up the

has turned it into a broker's bonanza. Ten-million-share days were once a rarity (before 1966 there had been only eleven in Wall Street history). This year, the market has not only reached that volume on 28 of its 48 trading days, but has averaged 10,039,572 shares a day—a 33% jump from last year's record daily volume of 7,500,000 shares.

It is a professional's market, with person funds, mutuals, and merger-bent corporations among the big buyers. Small investors have become a dwindling factor. So far this year, odd-lot trading (blocks of less than 100 shares) has dropped to the lowest percentage of total volume—12.3%—since brokers began keeping track in 1937.



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AT 12:23 P.M., MARCH 10 (TICKER 27 MIN. LATE)
Wilted as quickly as it grew.

WALL STREET

Speculative Fervor

When Washington makes major economic moves, Wall Street responds with a spasm of stock trading. Last week, at President Johnson's call to restore tax credits for business investment, the market churned through its most frenzied day in 37 years. When it was all overstocks made only modest gains, but volume on the New York Stock Exchange ballooned to 14.9 million shares. second only to the 16.41 million shares traded on Oct. 29, 1929. The Big Board's two-year-old high-speed ticker. which flashes stock transactions as fast as the human eye can read, fell behind by a record 27 minutes. In the first hour's speculative fervor, the bellwether Dow-Jones industrial average jumped 13.70 points as buyers bid up the price of airlines, railroads, machine-tool and other equipment makers. But the rally wilted as quickly as it grew, and the industrial index retreated to 848.50up a mere 1.90 points for the week.

Though neither bulls nor bears seem in control, the market's hefty volume

COMMODITIES

New Job, Old Territory

As a congressional liaison man for J.F. and L.B., Henry Hall Wiston Jr., 45, was a well-paid civil servant who earned \$59.500 a year. Last week, when he accepted the presidency of Chicago's Board of Trade—the world's foremost commodity exchange—he got a raise of \$70.500. His \$100,000 salary reflects the fact that the commodities trading the IB-man board controls has just hit a record yearly volume of \$81.4 billion.

In his new job, Wilson will preside over the activities of more than 600 men who daily crowd octagonal trading pits, flalling the air as they should be used to the pits and t

To be sure, many of the tan-jacketed traders are not speculating for their



own accounts. They represent big cus-

tomers-exporters, warehousemen, food

processors-who use future contracts

to hedge against fluctuations in the price

the nonprofessional speculators are con-

sistent losers. But like horse racing, the

losers continue to come back for more.

Because of the low margin requirements

-the buyer has to put up a maximum

of 10%-risk takers can afford to spec-

ulate. The board watches all activity

closely, and so does the Commodity Ex-

change Authority in Washington, which

is anxious to see the margin requirement

It has been estimated that 90% of

of commodities.





fit each other the way they should. Mightier than the Pencil

National Traffic Safety Agency that they could meet all but one of the 20 impending federal safety standards: a requirement that auto interiors be padded and that protruding parts be recessed so as to soften the impact of "second collisions." The agency will study the objections, is expected to issue its final standards for 1968-model cars within two weeks. As if to dispel the notion that automakers are unconcerned with safety. Ford meanwhile dedicated a new Automotive Safety Research Center in Dearborn, Mich, The ultramodern center will test everything from collision impact to anthropometry-a science concerned with such problems as whether bucket seats and passengers

Nattily dressed, a junior accountant named Robert Philip Adler reported to his new job at the ailing Waterman Pen Co. one August day in 1955. He was no sooner in the office than he found himself in hip boots, helping to shovel up the muddy debris of a flood that had immersed the plant. Adler, now 33, has since cleaned up at pen making in an even bigger way. As president of the renamed and revivified Waterman-Bic Pen Corp., he has expanded the Milford. Conn., firm into the nation's leading manufacturer of ballpoint pens, with 20% of the industry's estimated \$120 million-a-year sales and 40% of its 1.2 billion-pens-a-year output.

CORPORATIONS

Last week Adler spread out with a new subsidiary, Bic Pen of Canada, Ltd., which has built a \$400,000 plant in Toronto. His aim: to win nearly half of the 200-million-ballpoint-pen Canadian market within three years. Brash

ly get much worse. Showrooms are clogged with nearly 1.5 million unsold new cars-a 68-day backlog at the rate cars have been selling so far. The sales slowdown is attributable not only to the general economic lag but also to the unusually severe snowstorms that all but smothered large parts of the U.S. Laments Ford Division Chief Donald N. Frey: "You can't interest a customer in a new car when he can't even shovel the old one out of the driveway." Labor difficulties have complicated

matters. Last month a fractious United Auto Workers local at General Motors' key Mansfield, Ohio, body-parts plant staged an eight-day wildcat walkout that affected 100 other G.M. plants, put more than 200,000 company workers off the job. Just as G.M. returned to full production last week, the Mansfield local resumed its unauthorized strike. Walter Reuther's U.A.W. promptly took over the local, and G.M. announced plans to reduce its reliance on the plant. More worrisome still, all the automakers face new contract negotiations with the II A W this fall. Even as he chastised the Mansfield workers, Reuther exhorted them to "save your shoe leather. You'll need it when we walk together."

No wonder Detroit is counting on mild spring weather and new promotion drives to perk up business. Not yet ready to write off the year, G.M. President James M. Roche predicts that sales, imports included, should amount to a Even ailing American Motors is expressing renewed confidence, largely because of its decision to pare prices. In the last ten days of February, the company sold 3.018 Rambler Americans, almost as many as it did in the entire month of January.

Bigger Buckets? Beset by continued pressures on the safety front, the four major automakers last week notified the

increased to 20% or 25% All of which makes Wilson an ideal choice as the Chicago board's new head. He is a man who knows his way not only around commodities, but also Government. Less than a week after his move was announced, the U.S. House of Representatives approved a 3,000,-000-ton, Government-subsidized shipment of American wheat and sorghum to drought-stricken India. The plan, proposed by the President and guided through Congress by Wilson, will spur business on the floor of the exchange. Clearly, knowledgeable Washingtonian Wilson, when he takes over in Chicago territory.

AUTOS

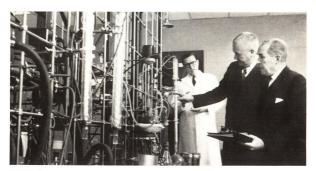
Looking Toward Spring

Winter cannot end too soon to suit the nation's automakers. New-car sales, merely sluggish before Christmas. dropped to a four-year low during the first two months of 1967. Will spring bring any relief? Last week Detroit answered with a hopeful yes.

Shovels & Shoe Leather, If nothing else, the industry's guarded optimism reflects the feeling that things can hard-



WATERMAN-BIC'S ADLER Very much on the ball.



When your research breaks through

You may need White, Weld's \$7 billion know-how

Initial tests have been completed. Your exciting new product is ready to move into production. And that's when you may need White, Weld.

White, Weld is aware that your research developments must have the backing of a solid financing program if they are to become profitable additions to your product line. One of our most important functions is the raising of new capital so that you may expand your plants, modernize your machinery, and develop your marketing facilities to a high level of competitive efficiency.

Our sensitive feel of securities market trends and knowledge of proper corporate structure enable us to tailor a client's financing program to fit his needs and to arrange advantageous termsfortoday's markets. We can advise whether new securities should be debt, equity or a combination. Short or long-term, senior or junior. What repayment provisions should be made. Whether to market them publicly or privately.

Indicative of our depth of experience and breadth of knowledge is the fact that in the last decade we managed or co-managed the underwriting of over \$7 billion of all types of S. E.C. registered corporate securities. In the same period we managed or co-managed 266 negotated corporate issues sold to the public. We call this our \$7 billion know-how. These issues represented varied industries and companies in all stages of growth.

For a consultation about your corporate financial structure and new capital needs, write or call us, in confidence.

White, Weld & Co.

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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO NEW HAVEN MINNEAPOLIS HAGERSTOWN HARTFORD/ZURICH LONDON PARIS CARACAS HONG KONG though that seems, it only matches the bustle by which Adder last years sold U.S. buyers 480 million ballpoint pens, almost all of them use-and-discard models priced from 19s to 49s retail, Adder keeps a quarter of his 300 plant employees busy checking the quality of parts coming off automated production lines, personally seruinters the daily writing-test samples before each shipment leaves the temperature. People are going to remember you fi you're good, says Adler, "but they'll remember you better if you're bad."

New Haven-born Adler joined Waterman soon after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance, moved up quickly, became company controller at 24 treasurer at 26. He caught the eye of Chairman Marcel Bich, Europe's foremost ballpoint-pen maker, when Bich bought Waterman in 1958. "I told him, 'You've cut expenses as much as you says Adler, "'What you need is sales.' " Bich immediately made Adler executive vice president, and after sales pushed the company into the black, Adler became president at 31. Today Waterman-Bic is the biggest link in the French manufacturer's worldwide network of 18 plants producing 3,000,000 pens a day for 96 countries.

Though Waterman's founder, L. E. Waterman, developed the first practical fountain pen in 1884, the company no longer makes them. U.S. ballpoint-pen sales, however, today nearly match those of lead pencils. By 1970, Adler insists, the ballpoint pen will be mightier than the pencil.

In a Single Stroke

When Ling-Temco-Vought President Clyde Skeen appeared in Wilson & Co.'s Chicago executive suite last December. Wilson President Roscoe G. Haynie mused: "I know he didn't come up here emissary for Ling-Temco Headman James Joseph Ling, who controls 16.6% of the Dalla-based company. Skeen announced that L-T-V thought Wilson will control to the control of the control

Ready for the Big Time. Recognized as the nation's leading sporting goods producer. Wilson-1966 sales: more than \$990 million—is also a major meat packer and producer of chemicals and pharmaceuticals with a strong management team. Still, there was little Haynie could do to stop Ling-even after he realized the extent of the Texan's designs on his company. In a matter of days, before Haynie could summon his board of directors, Ling-Temco-Vought had corralled a sizable chunk of Wilson's stock by offering hold-ers \$62.50 per share, 25% over the Dec. 20 New York Stock Exchange closing. By Jan. 5, L-T-V held 53%, thus making Wilson a member of the family.

For Chief Executive Ling, 44, the



Rothschild's got the point.

Wilson deal was the zenith of a sensational rise that began in an electrical shop in 1946. With \$3,000 in capital and a battered pickup truck. Ling contracted to lay wires in buildings springing up in prosperous Dallas. He learned finance, went public, issuing 800,000 shares in his little company—keeping half for himself—at \$2.25. Next came his first acquisition: an electronic-vibration-equipment maker, for which he paid \$19,000 cash and assumed the company's debts of \$66,000. After a series of small takeovers. Ling was ready for the big time. Between 1959 and 1965, he acquired the Altec Companies. Temco Electronics & Missiles, Chance Vought, and Okonite.

The result of this empire building showed up late last month when Ling-Temco-Vought reported record sales of \$468 million (up 39% from 1965) and record net income of \$13.7 million (up 129%). With Wilson in the family, Ling-Temco-Vought will be able to diversify from its Government contracts



MGM'S NEW LION Lock on the stock.

—which include the A-7A Corsair, a vertical-takeoff-and-landing plane, and the Lance battlefield missile.

Respect for the Record. Ling spends his leisure time at his \$2,000,000 home (for which he borrowed \$750,000), which is appointed with \$500,000 worth of furnishings and objets d'art.

To raise money for the Wilson acquisition, he went to London—with a chip on his shoulder. Sure that he would be sourced as an office of the control of the c

Thus, in a single stroke, Ling-Temco-Vought changed the whole mix of its business. Before, it had sold 70% of its products to the Federal Government, and 30% on the civilian market. With Wilson, it will now be 70% civilian, and 30% Government.

MANAGEMENT

Back to Work?

It took nearly two weeks to count and untangle the votes in the spirited proxy fight for control of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When the results were finally ready last week, Chief Stockholder Philip Levin, the man who wanted to take over, wound up the loser. President Robert O'Brien's management team received 58% of the stockholders' votes, a victory margin of 690,000, Mindful that the internecine battle had occupied MGM for months (TIME, March 3), the new board of directors (with Levin no longer a member) promptly re-elected O'Brien, who allowed that it was high time the company "got back to work.

But Levin, always persistent, was not about to give up the fight. Even before the outcome was officially announced, the millionaire New Jersey real estate developer challenged some 800,000 votes and filed suit in Delaware's Federal District Court, asking that the stockholders vote be set aside. Since that was just one of ten lawsuits ritggered by was exceeded to continue indefinitely.

Levin's dissident forces, anticipating another showdown, will probably try to increase their MGM stockholdings. For his part, OBFen le expected to issue new shares to be issed for understanding the 11% block that Levin now holds. Levin, meanwhile, has no eshote but folie with the myriad management policies of which he disapproves—every-hing from the company's basic approach to filimmaking to the new, syliced version of its long-tanding Lev the Lion





When we designed this beauty, we kept a few ugly things in mind.

This is a brand-new Volkswagen Fastback Sedan with a brand-new bump in the right rear fender. Ilt's one of the ugly things we had in mind when we made this car.J Your Volkswagen dealer can make it well again by unscrewing just ten bolts and removing the fender. (A new one costs about \$37.00*.)

Underneath the hood is a brand-new motor. If it ever stops acting like it's brandnew and starts acting ugly, it's easy to cope with. IA VW motor can be taken out and put back in again in 90 minutes.)

On the bottom of our Fastback is a shiny

new sealed bottom. When there's ugly weather, or mucky roads, or salty snows, or bumpy bumps, it protects the inside of your car from all the horrible things that hannen outside

With a Volkswagen, you may find that a lot of the things you're used to being ugly, won't be ugly any more.

For instance, gasoline mileage. (You'll get about 27 miles to the gallon with a Fastback.)

The tires will last about 35,000 miles. The engine won't freeze up in the wintertime or boil over in the summer. (Our new beauty has the same air cooled engine as the bug, only faster.)

It's also a bit bigger The Fastback has a little more room for people than the bug. And a lot more room for luggage. (It's got a trunk in the front of

the car, and one in the back.) It also costs a little more. \$2148.t

But the nice thing is, when you get a new Fastback, you get a new perspective

It may end up making all the ugly things seem almost beautiful.

WORLD BUSINESS

TRADE

Fair Enough

It may fairly be said that the Leipzig. Trade Fair is an annual even—the one now in progress is the 802nd. But this year there is a new sound to the old show: while some 70 nations display their wares. Communists and capitalists alike are clamoring for increased Eastwest trade, says Cristina Dimitriu, director of Rumania's exhibit: We are vessely consistent of the control of propagation. The control of Craplicka: "We will sell asynthing to anybody."

About the only sour note was struck by East Germany's intransigent Walter Ulbrieth, an old Communist who has yet come in from the cold. Ulbrieth we come in from the cold. Ulbrieth we exhibit—considered by most Western fairgoers to be Russia's most mediocre in years. And he notably managed to ignore the fair's biggest (and perhaps best) exhibit that of West Germany.

Ulbricht's next-door unneighborliness was ironic in light of a 20% trade increase last year between the two Germanys. Of \$750 million worth of goods exchanged between the two countries. West German exports, mostly in industrial products, accounted for \$425 million: East German exports, mainly agricultural, textile and mining items, made

up the rest.
West Germany, which still does not recognize Ulbricht's government diplomatically, is all in favor of stepping up trade. Economies Minister Karl Schiller last month urged West German businessmen to attend the Leipzig Fair. Bonn later adopted a Schiller proposal



ULBRICHT (CENTER) & WIFE IN LEIPZIG Against the drift.

for expanded credit guarantees to West German firms trading with East Germany, Finally, Bonn has put off for a year —until June 30, 1968—the repayment deadline for some \$100 million in trade deficits already owed by East Germany.

No matter how stubborn Ulbricht may seem, his country's westward trade drift is inevitable. At least 30% of East Germany's exports and imports are with Western nations—and of that, one-third of the morning, even Walter Ulbricht must admit to himself that his country can only benefit by importing the vastly superior, much more varied products put out by the Germany on the other

WEST GERMANY End of a Family Empire

In its 155-year history, Germany's Krupp industrial complex has often seemed as much a sovereign state as a business enterprise. Bismarck, the Kaisers and Hilfer all courted the house of Krupp, Kaiser Wilhelm I called it "a national institution." Five generations of Krupps have made a proud point of imperiously waving away even bankers'.

questions about company finances.

No longer. Last week the company's fifth chief, Alfried Krupp, 59, found himself being not only called to strict and public account, but virtually read out of the family fiefdom.

In a Bonn conference room crowded with bankers, aides and newsmen, Krupp sat silently while Socialist Economics Minister Karl Schiller spelled out what he called "a brave step that will remove unrest" about Krupp's future. In mid-April, the firm must appoint an "ad-April, the firm must appoint an brave the step of the proposition of t

Bonker's Rights. Schiller's move was the price extracted by the Bonn government and a group of West German banks for providing the financing that is urgently needed for \$2.20 million on its books. The company's troubles began last year when Krupp, already suffering from the depressed coal market and declining prices for steel, which accounts for 30% of its total productions of the provided by th

Having far overextended its own financial resources, Krupp went to an export-financing syndicate of 54 banks last December and asked for \$25 million in credit. The bankers, who had advanced him \$90 million earlier in the year, demanded to see the company's balance sheet. Then—incredibly—they turned Krupp down. Said Deutsche Bank



ARNDT & ALFRIED KRUPP
Called to strict and public account.

Chief Executive Hermann Abs, Germany's most powerful banker: "It is the noblest right of the banker to say no when he considers the risk exhausted," Abs next took the problem to Bonn. Schiller stepped in quickly, fearing that a crisis at Krupp (annual sales; \$1.2 billion) would deepen Germany's economic downturn.

While Krupp is by no means bankrupt, insiders feel that the managerial showdown should have come much sooner. Alfried Krupp, remote and embittered ever since his six-year Allied imprisonment for using wartime slave labor, has grown increasingly pained over the fact that his only son, Arndt, 29, has shown more inclination to fly with the European jet set than take over the company. Meanwhile, critics charge, Krupp's expansive general manager. Berthold Beitz, has overextended the company when he should have been cutting down its unprofitable operations in coal and steel. With public management instead of a private monarchy, German bankers are hoping that Krupp will come out of reorganization stronger

BRITAIN

Esso Goes to War

Esso Goes to War
Most of the sound and fury in Britain's volatile gasoline war has come
from the brash discounters who started
it all the earliest of the sound of the sound
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it all the sound of the sound of the sound
in and V.I.P., the independents came out
of nowhere to take over a heady 10%
share of the country's \$5 billion (including taxes) annual sales. For the most
part, the major distributors have been
loath to join the fray—until now.
Alarmed at the shirthing size of its own
Alarmed at the shirthing size of its own
Esso, a subsidiary of Jerey Standard,
moved to turn the market into what the
moved to turn the market into what the

London Observer called "a cold, inhospitable battleground."

To meet the discounters head on. Esso slashed prices by as much as 61¢ per imperial gallon, revamped its marketing so its lowest rates would be in effect in high-volume urban areas, retelled the rectain reatings. In London, for example, Esso's new pratiming-grade gas was cut by more than \$4, to 73 ½ per gallon. Eventually, Esso's cealation of the war may cost the inrevenues, but it may also force many discounters to close up altogether.

Copycat. Determined to throw prying rivals off the track, Esso ordered press runs of phony price stickers and



SERVICE STATION IN LONDON This tiger's a copycat.

pumped the new grades of gas into its stations' tanks without even telling the dealers. Tony de Boer, marketing chief of Shell-Mex & B.P., the country's No. I distributor, fumed about learning of second-ranked Esso's mow "in the papers," ruefully admitted being forced to do some furious thinking." I et, a leading discounter owned by Manhattan-based Continental Oil, promptly undercut Esso's new prices by 2½ or more, sputtered the "tiger is just a copyect."

Esso's own furious thinking began last year. Its 1965 earnings had plunged 38% from 1964's \$16.8 million. When a 1966 study showed that Esso's treasured 30%-plus share of the British market had slipped to 27½% since the coming of cut-rates, Joint Managing Director Ted Choppen determined to push ahead with his existing plans to get

On Their Feet. No one is yet ready to predict how the battle will turn out, but Choppen's preparations have been marvelously meticulous. To trim distribution costs. Esso quietly did some dredging to allow economical supertankers to reach its Fawley refinery, built Britain's longest pipeline, bargained hard for new low rail rates. It appears to the properties of the properties of told its 10,000 remaining dealers to be prepared to take 1e-a-gaillon profit cuts, warned them to get their often outragoously relaxed attendants on their feet. And when Esso was finally ready to good as his nance, Choppen was at good as his nance.

From Crisis to Convalescence

The British pound, which has been all for decades, has begun to ship of decades, has begun to show strength is reflected in reports both at home and abroad. Last week the Federal home and abroad. Last week the Federal home and abroad. Last week the Federal more than \$625 million borrowed from the U.S. last summer in order to help string escape devaluation. In a long-distance diagnosis, the Reserve Bank's charge of forcing operare resident in charge of forcing operare resident in charge of forcing operare forcing operare to convalescence."

In his semi-annual report on U.S. foreign-currency operations, Combb ser-plained that the largest factor in sternings recovery has been "the underlying improvement" in Britain's pound-incurrency balance-of-payments deficit, whole of 1966 (probably between \$420 million and \$560 million, rising exports produced a balance-of-payments surplus during the final three months of the year. This year, says a foreast from condon's National Institute for Economics Stational Institute for E

Despite these signs, Britain's economy is still floundering. Labor unions and employers are wrangling with the government over its reluctance to end loophole-loaded controls on wages and prices. Unemployment reached 602,844 last month, leaving 2.6% of the labor force jobless against a 2% level that Prime Minister Harold Wilson once called "acceptable." Rising food prices have helped pull the cost of living to a new peak. Worst, industrial productivity has failed to improve, and though help might have come from private investment, instead such investments have slumped. Soaring government spending for defense, welfare, roads, schools, housing and nationalized industries has raised the specter of higher taxes next month, a move that some economists fear would only deepen the recession.

Still, defense of the pound, which finances a third of the world's trade, is the first order of business. And last week Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan told Parliament that by Dec. 2, Britain will repay on schedule the remaining \$871 million of a \$1 billion sterling-defense loan from the International Monetary Fund.

CANADA

The Queen Bee Gets Stung

Each time the judge strode into the court, the dark-haired defendant bowed respectfully in best Canadian courtroom tradition. Viola MacMillan, 63, has had occasion of late to learn about such legal amenities. A shrewd, if unlikelylooking prospector who amassed a fortune in sundry Canadian mining ventures, tiny (5 ft., 100 lbs.) Viola has been under government investigation ever since a mercurial trading binge on the Toronto Stock Exchange in 1964 left investors in her Windfall Oils & Mines Ltd. holding an empty sack. Called "the Queen Bee" by mining men, who elected her president of the Prospectors and Developers Association 21 times, Viola herself got stung last week when she was convicted in Toronto on a charge that could bring her up to five years in prison.

"Good Turn," Viola was accused of "wash trading," which involves the manipulation of stock-market transactions to create a false impression of brisk activity—and is illegal in both the U.S. and Canada, On July 10,1944, the U.S. and Canada, On July 10,1944, the U.S. and Canada, On July 10,1944, the view of the Conden Arrow Mines Ltd., another of ber companies. At the same time, she bought up the entire block for the accounts of ten persons, including her husband George. Since Golden Arrow the student burst of activity was enough the sudden burst of activity was enough to send its price soaring within an hour

from 25¢ to over 60¢.

Viola's attorney insisted that by buying stock for the benefit of others, she was merely "a good friend doing a good turn." Indeed, aside from a relatively small chunk of Golden Arrow stock that her husband sold at the bloated price, there was no testimony indicating that the MacMillans enriched themselves from the 1964 transactions.
But York County Court Judge Garth Moore pointed out that Viola had called her broker to check on the market price of Golden Arrow after placing her orders-a move that helped convince the judge she had intended to stimulate her company's market price artificially. At the time, noted Moore, the Toronto stock market was "in an explosive condition," Viola, he added, supplied the match."

primly Defiant. Her conviction, which she plans to appeal, was just a start. For one thing, her broker, Robert J. Breckenridge, a former president of the Toronto Exchange and onetime chairman of the city's Better Business Bureau, has also been charged with wash trading in the Golden Arrow case. And Viola herself, together with her husband, will stand trial on more serious fraud charges because of their Windfall dealings. For all her troubles, the Queen Bee remains grimly defiant. "They can't take my love of mining away from me," she said last week. "I'll have that till the day I die."

The spoiler.

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.

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Gillette Super Stainless.

Stocks move on news

Good news. Bad news. World news, war news, weather news.

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Providing that kind of news to our 2700 Account Executives in more than 160 offices around the world is something Merrill Lynch accepts as a minute-to-minute, hour-to-hour responsibility all through every market day.

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And that's why, just last year, we perfected our brand new QRG yestem for Quick Research Queries. All an Account Executive has to do is press a a few buttons and, from our computer in New York, get the latest facts, figures. and Research Division opinion on any one of 3700 important, widely-owned stocks.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Sukarno. 65. beleaguered President of Indonesia, and Ratna Sari Dewi. 27. onetime Japanese nightelub hostess; their first child, a girl (he has seven children by five previous wives); in Tokyo. Name: Kartika Sari, meaning essence of the stars.

Married. Gary Lewis, 21, eldest of Comedian Jerry Lewis' six children, a successful rock 'n' foll singer in his own right; and Sara Jane Suzara, 22, daughter of the chief pilot of Manila harbov, whom Gary met while on tour in the Philippines; in Westwood, Calif.

Divorced. By Sandra Dec. 24, perennial Hollywood teen-age twippet (Take Her, She's Mine, That Funny Feeling); Bobby Darin, 30, nightchub singer (Mack the Knife); on grounds of mental cruelty; after six years of marriage, one son; in Los Angeles.

Died, Mischa Auer, 61, character actor who played seedy aristocrats, slightly frayed remittance men, or microscass, slightly frayed remittance men, or microscass, slightly frayed remittance men, or microscass, slightly frayed remittance men, or microscape in the 1930s and 1940s (My Man God-frey, Destry Rides Again), the orphaned son of a czarist naval officer, who at one point during the Bolshevik revolution roamed Russia with a pack of parentless children before a grandfather brought him to the U.S., eventually made his way to Hollywood, where his land the state of the

Died. Nelson Eddy, 65, romantic baritone, whose golden tones and handsome blond looks blended so perfectly with Jeanette MacDonald's clear soprano and redheaded beauty that they became Hollywood's most celebrated pair in the late 1930s and '40s, singing their way through scores of love duets (Alt. Call, Will You Remember) and eight hit musicals from Naughty Marietta to I Married an Angel, films that won them such everlasting fans that Eddy could count on a packed house of appreciative middle-aged folk whenever he appeared on the nightclub circuit; of a stroke suffered in the middle of a performance: in Miami Beach, Fla.

Died, G. A. ("Tony") Vandervell, G. B. Bittish millionaire auto-parts manufacturer who dedicated his fortune to putting Britains green racing colors into the lead on Formula I Grand Prix auto the lead on Formula I Grand Prix auto car in 1954, two years later won his first victory at the Silverstone International Trophy race with Stirling Moss at the wheel, and reached a peak in 1958 when his Vanweall beat the Hall-Grand Prix races for the champion-ship of pneumonia; in London with the property of the principle of the principle

Died, Joseph T. Lykes Sr., 78, U.S. ship owner, last of seven brothers who founded Lykes Bros. Steamship Co. in 1923 to ferry cattle between Gulf ports and Cuba, boosted their business into the biggest U.S. cargo line operating 57 freighters; of arteriosclerosis; in Clearwater. Flo

Died. Georges Philias Vanier, 78, Governor General of Canada, the first French Canadian to hold that post, a distinguished soldier-diplomat who served his country as a courageous leader on World War I battlefields where he lost a leg, later as Canada's voice at the League of Nations, its Ambassador to France from 1944 to 1933, and finally its Governor General from 1959 on, a position in which he used his immense preside to urge an end to the "petitines, divides Canada's French- and English-speaking populations: in Ottawa.

Died. Zoltán Kodály, 84, Hungarian composer; of a heart attack; in Budapest (see Music).

Died. Mohammed Mossadegh. 84. bitterly controversial Prime Minister of Iran from 1951 to 1953; of intestinal bleeding: in Teheran. Frail, bald and bespectacled. Mossadegh hardly looked the part of a ferocious nationalist when he rode to power on a wave of xenophobia and shrill promises to nationalize the huge, British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. with its \$1 billion worth of wells. pipelines and refineries. It took the tantrum-prone demagogue barely two days to make good his threat-and start his country on 39 months of economic and political chaos. In 1953, Mossadegh's street mobs finally frightened the Shah out of the country, but by then the army had seen enough and took over the government after bloody street fighting. Dragged shricking into court, Mossadegh was sentenced to three years' solitary confinement on charges of treason -which the Shah commuted to house arrest, allowing him to live out his days on his landholdings near Teheran.

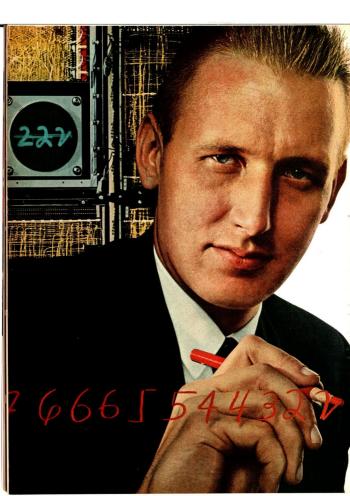
Died, Alice B. Toklas, 89, confidante and lifelong companion of Author Gertrude Stein: after a long illness; in Paris (see THE WORLD).

Died, Roger Ward Babson, 91, economist and pioneer in the business of advising investors, who set up Babsons's Reports in 1903 to collect statistics and chart market trends, a service that paid of handsomely when he predeted the 1929 crash, went on to write 37 business Massachusett's Babson Institute as a business school for men, and helped graphic production of the properties of the protrained of the production of the protrained that the production of the production of the protrained that the production of the production of the protrained that the production of the production of the protrained that the production of the production of the protrained that the production of the production of the production of the protrained that the production of the pro



Never serve the coffee without the Cream, ...Harvey's Bristol Cream, that is. Harvey's Bristol Cream is the elegant end. The perfect after-dinner drink. Subtle. Delightfully light. Thoroughly satisfying. Serve Harvey's Bristol Cream chilled. With dessert. As dessert. Even before dinner. On the rocks. But never,

never serve the coffee without the cream.



This engineer is solving a problem in cacography.

What's he doing at IBM?

He is making a computer easier to use by enabling it to read handprinted numbers. No easy matter; in fact, incorrect handwriting is a study in itself—technically known as cacography.

IBM's Ray Norman analyzed thousands upon thousands of samples of hand-printed numbers, looking for patterns in the extra jigs and jogs people stick on their 1, 2, 3's.

The methods he and his associates use to tell one man's handprinted 2 from another's 3 have been built into the circuits of IBM's new optical reader.

Installed in a department store and hooked up to an IBM computer, the optical reader works something like this. The salesgirl writes up your purchase, hand-printing numbers in spaces provided on the sales slip. Her sales slips are then fed into a reader.

The computer then can automatically subtract what you bought from its inventory record. It charges your account and updates sales and billing records.

A store manager can then get any of this information, quickly, any time he needs it.

Making information easier to get into a computer makes this most useful tool even more useful.



CINEMA

King Leer, Wild Kate

The Taming of the Shrew. "We intend to make Shakespeare as successful a screenwriter as Abby Mann." Thus spake Director Franco Zeffirelli last year when he began filming The Taming of the Shrew. The screen credits maintain the mock-the-bard tone: script billing goes to Zeffirelli, Paul Dehn and Suso Checchi D'Amico, with a coy acknowledgment "to William Shakespeare, without whom we would have been at a loss for words." The irreverence in this case is less a shame than a sham. Despite the disclaimer. Zeffirelli has succeeded in mounting the liveliest screen incarnation of Shakespeare since Olivier's Henry V.

A salty salvo in the war between the sexes, Shrew has already been through several screen treatments, including one



TAYLOR & BURTON IN "SHREW"
Art imitates life.

with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbank Sr., a long-running road-company revival with the Lunts, and a Broadway musical adaptation (Cole Porter's Kiss musical adaptation (Cole Porter's Kiss oft-told tale by styling it with the brio of the 16th century commedia delfarte. Moreover, his casting seems to be a case of art's imitating life: Elizabeth Taylor as the sharp-tongued tigress, Kate, and er. Petruebio.

For all its virtues, this particular taming is sometimes more shread than Shrear. The writers have edited Shake-spear's speechs, transposed lines, and improvised bits of business for the Burns of the works of the Burns of the works of place in the Globe's wooden O. Despite such wild tampering and the works and the play have enter that the view of the works of the play have enter the play have enter that the view eye energe rests long enough to get restive, Zeffirelli builds the production against a background of burnt sienna,

vermilion and viridian—the splashiest colors of the Renaissance palette. He also keeps Taylor and Burton front and center just long enough: their largerthan-life personalities dominate the screen without drowning the play.

In one of her better performances, Taylor makes Kate seem he ideal based of Avon—a creature of beauty with a of Avon—a creature of beauty with a Whenever Lis rarius at the Elizabethan, the camera shifts to Butron, who caches the cadences of anishic pentameter with inhorn case. As the lickersh and liquorwith a weary, beety smile that promises temptation and trouble. An inspired chase across roofteps and into piles of fleece establishes him as a Kind of King of the control of a raffiel comis hero.

Shakespeare cared too much for his satellite roles to give the entire show to the stars, and it is as much the supporting players as the Burtons who give the Shrew vitality. Victor Spinetti, Cyril Cusak and Michael Hordern are a brilliant bunch of second bananas. Natasha Plyne, as Katés sister Bianca, plays with a wide-eyed vanilla-pudding approach that delibrately lends Kate more flavor.

This is not Zelfirelli's first brush with the hard. He once overdirected an eccentric Italian version of Humlet in which the Dane intonce! *Fo be or not to be, what the hell!" In Shrew, he displays a sure sense of what makes comedy funny. When a classic is treated as deathless, it dies: by being brash and breezy, Zelfirelli has breathed new life into an old text.

Accidie Becomes Electra

Persona. Director Ingmar Bergman is modern cinema's most persistent observer of the human condition. He examines the Eden that is Sweden and sees-much as Bruegel once did in Flanders-that the occupants are really having a Hell of a time. Persona, his 27th film, fuses two of Bergman's familiar obsessions: personal loneliness and the particular anguish of contemporary woman. It is the story of a great stage actress (Liv Ullman), suddenly become mute and detached while starring in a production of Electra. She is afflicted with what medieval theologians called accidie-a total indifference to life. Her doctor insists that her inactivity is simply another form of role-playing, and he sends her packing to a villa on the Baltic in the company of a nurse (Bibi Andersson).

Slowly and subtly, a transference begins: the actress cannot, or will not, speak about her husband and son; the nurse cannot stop speaking—about herself. In explicit detail, the nurse describes an erotic beach encounter with an unknown boy, and the pregnancy and abortion that followed. Without realizing it, the babbling nurse has become

the patient and the silently listening patient the nurse.

When the actress writes a letter to the doctor revealing her nurse's past tragedy, the nurse savagely turns on her, implying that she is playing Electra in real life as well as on the stage. The outburst serves as a catharsis that seems to make the nurse well. In the end, she leaves the villa to return to life; the actress, presumably, returns to the stage.

Bergman has tricked out his static, enigmatic story with flashes of his familiar images: a fat spider, which represented God in Hrough a Gias Dark-ly, and here seems only to be arachind by the state of the state o



ANDERSSON & ULLMAN IN "PERSONA"

A game of disguises.

Time and again, Bergman appears to have his film improperly spliced, showing blinding flashes of lights and numbers. The stunt reminds his viewers that the work is simply artifice, a game of poses and disguises.

Persona (the ancient Latin word for nank) is to deliberately difficult to rank with Bergman's best. But in an era when the director who dares to repeat himself is rare indeed—when the cimenate word is full of one-shot wonders, Bergman's consistency is itself refreshing. His bleak, unsparing vision of the condition of man remains his private property. Persona is one more acre of that estate—often tilled, perhaps, but still worth the plowing.

Cracking the Morse Code

How to Succeed In Business Without Really Trying is almost note for note a reincarnation of the 1961 Broadway hit. Therein lies its troubles as well as its triumphs.

On stage, Succeed succeeded by being as broad as it was wide. A pastelcolored animated cartoon of contem-

Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater.

There's a funny thing about the American economy. Ask any two economists what makes it tick and you've started a debate.

Because, the simple, ingenuous truth of the matter is this: nobody really knows or agrees on all the influences that combine to give it muscle. Or, where all its weaknesses may lie.

All you'll get agreement on is that it seems to work. It has produced the broadest and most abundant prosperity in all the histories of man...the highest standard of living for the greatest number of people.

The heart of this restless, surging, vital economy is and always has been: free competition. That's what has distinguished it from the managed economies of the Old World . . . economies managed either by government or by cartel.

Competition has been the sharp spur that has produced

the incredible variety of products and services we have today. It has produced the endless innovations that have made life easier to live. More enjoyable. More rewarding.

It has encouraged manufacturers to build more things . . . and build them better . . . and at lower prices. They have to build more and better . . . and the prices have to be right . . . or the consumer stops buying. Because, the other side of free

competition is your free choice in the marketplace.

This is the astonishing power of the American consumer, He can make or break the largest businesses with a nod or a shake of the head. He has the choice. He has the ballot of the dollar.

That's why it is disturbing to find people of influence in America today who would like to make both free competition and free choice a little less free.

They may concede that the system has

They may concede that the system has produced some great results but they'd like to "fis it a little." There are too many kinds of olives, they say. Let's standardize. Company "A" spends more on advertising than Company "B", and that's unfair competition, they plead. Let's regulate.

Yet, our system was built on exactly the opposite kind of thinking. Regulation doesn't stimulate competition. It tends to make all products the same.

How much can you interfere with the competitive economy, which has brought us so many benefits, without damaging it? The truth is, nobody knows. The "Little" fixes may someday add up to quite a lot.

Of course, any economy needs some regulation but let's be sure that we don't throw out the baby with the bath water.

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TIME, MARCH 17, 1967

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Let's get specific. You don't need two million acres. You want one site. The best site. Based on all the facts. Like the cost of power and water. Location of raw materials. Information about labor. Zoning. Taxes. Sources of possible financing help. The NP has that information. Our men living all long the line deal with these facts every working day. So call us. Most every major city has an NP representative. Call the nearest one. Or contact George Powe, General Manager, Properties and Industrial Development Dept., Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn. 55101. Telephone 612-222-7773.

This is the way to run a railroad. This is the way we run the Northern Pacific.





Why they keep different time.

You'd think they'd both keep the same time since they both operate with batteries. But they don't. Because an electric watch is a conven-

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VALLEE & MORSE IN "SUCCEED" Feasting on leftovers.

porary big business, it musically chronicled the rise of a bright-eyed, bushytailed rodent, J. Pierpont Finch (Robert Morse), who won the rat race by running just fast enough to keep up with his boss (Rudy Vallee).

On film, Succeed often fails by seeming to run in place. Director David Swift has staged far too many of the numbers simply as people singing songs, with the camera standing by as an admiring observer. There is nowhere near enough sight humor to justify the billing "visual gags by [Cartoonist] Virgil Partch.'

Vallee's brilliant bumbling, on the other hand, is even better on the wide screen, as when he Freudian slips, "I like the way you thinch, Fink" intones the college musical lampoon, Grand Old Ivy. For the first time, Hollywood seems to have cracked the Morse code: after appearing in a succession of turkeys-most recently Oh Dad, Poor Dad (TIME, March 3)— Bobby is finally allowed to steal a picture the way he stole the show. He burbles with the irresistible energy of a degenerate Peter Pan as he chants to a mirror, I Believe in You.

To redeem itself further, the movie implements Frank Loesser's score with inventive arrangements by Nelson Riddle, and augments the chorus with a bevy of twittering birds who assure the executives that A Secretary Is Not a Toy. Equally good is the staff of ulcerated businessmen who inch their way along the top of the company as they pinch their way around the bottoms of their secretaries. Comically caught in the act, unfaithfully married and unhappily harried, they are reminders that How to Succeed was good show business because the structure of its satire rested, however slightly, upon a grain of truth.



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BOOKS

Existentialist Comedian

Before an author's works are reprinted in anything but paperback, he is usually dead, or his books have come to be considered classics-or both. John Barth, 36, is alive, and none of his books have yet reached the classical shelf. He has written four novels-The Floating Opera, End of the Road, The Sot-Weed Factor and Giles Goat-Boy. The first three together sold fewer than 8,000 copies, Goat-Boy, the only one that can be called a popular success, sold about 50,000 and showed up briefly on the bestseller lists. Despite this inconclusive reception, The Sot-Weed Factor has now been republished (Doubleday; \$7.50), and Barth's first two novels will also be reissued, all in hard-cover. What gives?

What gives is an author who knows that ideas make the best parlor games. Barth's books, whatever their shortcomings, cry out not merely to be read but to be played with. His friend, Novelist and Critic Leslie Fiedler, enthusiastically calls Barth "an existentialist comedian." The description is apt, for Barth is essentially a humorist who believes that it is absurdly comical to take anything too seriously, including himself. His books bubble with back-alley sexual humor that derides the solemnity of love. Barth's characters are never cast as heroes: there is something slightly ludicrous about them all. That is not new, but Barth sustains those characters with exceptional force and conviction. as if he were trying to enlarge the ludicrous to epic proportions. "Where the hell else but in America," asks one of his characters, "could you have a cheerful nihilism?" Barth is a bit of a nihilist about the novel itself; he is convinced that it is a dving literary form.

Quandary, Barth's four books trace the systematic progress of the antinovelist. The author began conventionally enough with The Floating Opera and End of the Road, both writ-ten when he was 24. In the first, Lawyer Todd Andrews, deeply disturbed by his father's suicide, decides that nothing in life has much meaning; he makes up his mind to follow his father's example. But the decision sets its own quandary: "If nothing makes any final difference, that fact makes no final difference either, and there is no more reason to commit suicide. say, than not to." It is the logical dilemma that so many existentialists run into. In the end, Andrews elects to live, or at least to go on existing.

A search for life's meaning also runs through End of the Road. "In a sense, I am Jacob Horner," the book's narrator begins, with typical uncertainty. Then he conducts a tour along the "weatherless" days of his life. Horner suffers low-pressure areas during which he ceases to function. Hypnotized by

the multitude of life's choices, he can make no choice at all. The novel is partly autobiographical. It is laid in Maryland, where Barth grew up: Horner teaches English at Wicomico State Teachers College, while Barth teaches English at the Buffalo campus of New York State University.

After Swift. Once past these impressive apprentice works, Barth abandoned all allegiance to the novel's disciplines; he set out to exploit the form's deficiencies by overdoing them. Whatever else it is, Gilles Goat-Boy is also an attempt to deride the novel. In form, it resembles a Swiftian satire in which the world becomes a collection of university campuses, with effects that are sometimes uproarious, sometimes to heavy and mechanical (Thust. Aug.

graduate at Johns Hopkins University, the devoured everything from Burton's Thousand and One Nights to the Gesta Romanourus, and the developed a strong affection for such classic cyclical tales, which preceded the novel by centuries. He is the first to admit that his new books one something to that old form. But the strong the s

No such necessity drives Barth. His life, unlike his fiction, is remarkably low-key. He seems unconcerned by the way public or critics receive his hooks. A tall, unassuming man with a prematurely ball head and an understated mustache, he has an arrangement with the university that allows him to keep a bight academic load. The rest of his time is devoted to writing, to his wife and



JOHN BARTH & SIDEMEN® Jape's progress.

 Where Swift tore savagely at the fabric of his time, Barth remains deliberately neutral, mocking tradition-bound

literature as much as he mocks mankind. The same is true of The Sot-Weed Factor, now back in the book stores in hard-cover after seven years. It is a farcical tour de force in which the author deliberately tried to create "a more contrived plot than Tom Jones." plausible coincidence, Rabelaisian romps, confused identities-all the traditional trappings of the picaresque novel are exaggerated to the point of burlesque. Factor also dips resolutely into history-as reconstructed by Barth in confusing detail. Colonial Maryland is revised to suit his fancy; he recounts the legend of Pocahontas as a tale so bawdy that Boccaccio himself might have blushed. "I love colonial history," he explains, "It's nightmarish black humor,"

Publish or Perish. As he reaches farther and farther for new literary forms, Barth is actually going back to the literary past. When he was an underthree children, and to an occasional session with a neighborhood jazz combo. A dropout orchestration student at Juilliard, Barth now beats the drums.

In his continuing and demonic commitment to explore the terrain beyond the novel, Barth is moving in several directions at once. "Twe thought of writing all the stories I've ever known in ten volumes," he says, or threatens. And he has began to investigate, as a non-typial twestigates the typewriter, the possibility of adding the author's volce, on tape, to the printed word. "Volce, on tape, to the printed word." "Volce on the printed word."

Farthest out of all, perhaps, he has written a story, as yet unpublished, in which the story itself plays a leading role. "Think of how the story must feel about being a story," he says. Or more to the point, how the story must feel about John Barth.

* His son Daniel, 13, daughter Christine, 15.

From Esmé, with Love & Squall

UNDER THE EYE OF THE STORM by John Hersey. 245 pp. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.95.

Novelis John Hersey has always fished for big themes, but they have not always stayed hooked. The Child-Buyer, a bitting commentary on science worship, was flawed by too much special pleading. White Lours, a parable about a white slave in yellow. China, lacked credibility. Too Far to Wilk was an entertaining but gibi rectial of the Fastis story transplanted to a campus. In this movel Hersey solidly hooke large to the Storm is his best book since A Bell for Adame, it ranks among the too fiction of the season.

Braced by a strong narrative drive and steeped in a rue sailor's feel for boats and blue water. Storm roils with energy: the tropical hurricane Esmé, through which Hersey's characters sail, leaves the reader waterlogged and groping for the shore. The shrick of the wind that labshe the 32-ft. yawl Humonr makee a good sea story all by teed! But there is themastic eagus do that me see in one another. All people nutriue were in the proper man and those provide mythe is saving, and those

myths include images of themselves as distorted as fun-house mirrors.

Dr. Meticulous, Aboard the Harmony, saling from Martha's Vineyard to Block Island, the author pipes two couples, the Medlars and the Hamdens. Their problems are not inventive, but the familiari-

lems are not inventive, but the familiarity of their troubles is not so much a weakness of the narrative as a strength; the four aging young moderns are all too typical of the here and now. At 34, Harmony's owner, Dr. Thomas

Medlar, is already a "respectfully whispered name in liver circles." He is a hepatologist who finds the human liver "the source of his income and dismay." The world ashore he sees as overcrowded. violent, unjust, and populated by men who are failures. Harmony gives the doctor "a kind of intoxication by quiet. He frets endlessly over fittings, halyards, logbooks. Being exact in little things is his way of getting through life. "busily, painlessly, and even much of the time, in high good humor." To his wife, he is "Dr. Meticulous." Audrey Medlar is everybody's next-door neighbor's wife. Her husband comes home bushed, doesn't talk to her enough, and she is getting wrinkles in her neck

Fun & Gemes, While Tropical Storm Enné is browing, Flicker Handen and his wife Dot come absard Harmony for the cruise. Dottie, with her "sweater and pearls mentality," is a weak, giddy gift: Flicker, too dashing, too open, too open, tortusted with friendship but not with one's daughter or sister or wife. A "social engineer" who lives in a Buck Rogers world of computers and serve mechanisms, he is strictly a cocktail-



One that didn't get away.

party sailor; he carps about the absence of the latest communications gadgets, revels in his irreverence for the sea and for the sailor's worship of his craft.

While Flicker enlists the two wives in a dark conspiracy of fun and games directed against the skipper, Medlar himself batters Harmony's hatches and gear until "everything but the cotter pins of his own life" seems secure. Thus they await the storm—with the wind blowing in the rigging, "and nothing to say to each other."

Twin squalls strike, both human and tropical. The sa around the two couples, and within them, spills menacingly. Seen through Tom Medlar's eyes fights Eamé out there on the rapine warmer of the Files and Auster's hiding some amatory escapade? Did Dottie try omrufer Austlew? The recollections become a sort of occidental Rashumon, in which each survivor discovers his own truth about himself and his shipmates. Herey's final troits are fresh discovery, only a rat fink like Flicker Hamden would squaled prematurely.

Solid as a Bridge

THE OUTCASTS by Stephen Becker. 240 pages, Atheneum, \$4.95.

Harvard-educated Stephen Becker, 39, is a fiddle-footed traveler with a facile pen. He has lived in China, France, Alaska and the Guianas and supported himself as a translator, biographer, historian, and novelist 14 Covenan with Death). Recently he has shown signs of settling down-mear Katonah, N.Y., or the control of t

Becker's hero is Engineer Bernard Morrison, who has built many things but never a bridge. At 43, he finally gets his chance. His bridge must span a gorge at

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Kentucky

the end of an unbuilt road in the South American Guianas. Morrison is vexed that neither bridge nor road seems to go "Never mind," anywhere. American boss. "Just build a bridge. Morrison does. Things begin badly

when he insults his assistant, a black Guianan named Philips, by mistaking him for a porter. Next, he is worried by the discovery that after a hard day, his Hindu foreman relaxes with hashish.

Such problems soon vanish in the joy of difficult labor going well. On weekends, when the work gang is roistering in the city, Morrison prowls beyond the gorge and encounters the Lani, a tribe of bushmen. Among these simple, amoral savages, he rediscovers the unsophisticated pleasures, the quick and easy friendships of a time when "all tastes were like summer and youth, before alcohol and tobacco and sour love. Like Conrad, Becker is fascinated by



Joy in labor going well.

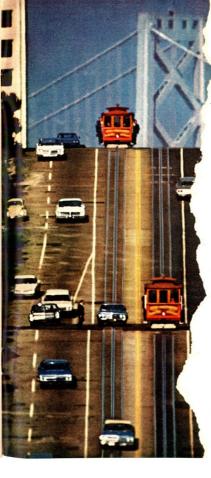
the tactical struggles of daily life, the strategic deployments that bring one man success and another failure. Philips will go far in his nation, but he remains a man without friends. Morrison wants passionately the pastoral simplicity he sees in the Lani, but it is almost his undoing when he learns the hard way that syphilis is endemic among the bush people. Becker has filled his story with lush scenery and pungent characters and built it as solidly as Morrison's bridge.

Larky Society

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE by Edwin Gilbert. 320 pages. Putnam. \$5.95. Rosemary Grovenour, a fairly ordi-

nary Connecticut housewife, has good looks going for her, good schools and good family behind her. She also has good strong neurotic twitches-all her dabs at painting, writing, ceramics and

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interior decoration have added up to a muddy mess. And Rosemary feels that she, too, has added up to nothing. Honestly, it is enough to make her dose herself with self-pity pills.

Instead, Rosemary persuades her husband Grove to buy a cooperative apartment on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. Soon, she is wiggling onto the right committees, becoming an intimate of the Cancer Benefit crowd, the Liver and Kidney people, the Rheumatic Fever bunch, Eventually, everybody hails her as the swingingest, dingdongest member of the jet set along with Bobbsie-Ann Boggsen and Minni Ogden Foote.

Blending pop satire with the incisive reporting that he used to dissect rich automotive families in American Chrone, and international business wheeler-dealers in The New Ambassadors, Edwin Gilbert has made a best-seller out of what may well be the larkiest study of Manhattan pseudo society since the 400 were marked down to \$53.98.

Readers may mull over some thinly disguised New York types to see whether they can identify Gilbert's models. There is, for example, a successful artist named Waldo Stryker who is famous is a millionaire culture addict named Hank Harrley. Whether Rosemary herself stands for some real-life jet setter hardly matters. After all, who can fail to adore "Rosiepooh" when he turns out at a party with a miniskirt fringed canse canned over the Priesas?

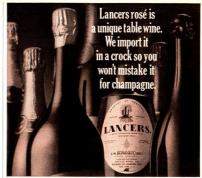
Gilbert never spoils the fun by moralizing. But just as surely as the bottom falls out of the pop art market, Rosemary finds that Grove has taken up with a girl who wears Woolworth pearls and doesn't sit on committees. The whole affair is something Grove might characterize with his favorite expression, "bacillas bullfosis."



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